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THE BUDGET.

M. DISRAELI'S financial statement on Thursday evening was remarkable for its brevity, if for nothing else. In somewhat under an hour, the right hon. gentleman passed in review the income and expenditure of the country, and unfolded the measures which he had to recommend to Parliament. On former occasions he has been verbose, pretentious, and tedious; in the present instance, his speech was distinguished by a business-like simplicity deserving of all praise. Commencing, as is usual, with the retrospective part of the subject, he stated that, while the income of last year was estimated at £67,013,000, the total amount realized was £69,434,000. On the other hand, while the estimated expenditure was £67,031,000, the actual expenditure was only £66,780,000. There is therefore on the last year a surplus of £2,481,000. In the course of the present year, the finances of the country will be relieved, by the falling in of the "dead weight," to the extent of £240,000; and, taking this into account, the expenditure of 1867-8 is estimated at £68,134,000, and the revenue at £69,340,000. A surplus is thus left of £1,206,000 for the current year; and the question then arises, how this is to be applied. The agriculturists were first dealt with, and had the honour of being first disappointed. Although the Chancellor of the Exchequer would willingly have removed the Malt-tax, he was obliged to confess that the amount realized from it was so large that he could not undertake to operate upon it. Instead, therefore, of adopting an imperfect and illusory measure which would fritter away the revenue without affording any substantial relief to the farmers, he proposed, and we think rightly, to apply the larger portion of his surplus to the reduction of the National Debt. Following closely in the steps of Mr. Gladstone, and adopting the first and least complicated portion of that right hon. gentleman's measure of last year, Mr. Disraeli will convert a sum of £24,000,000 stock into annuities terminating in 1885. The total annual charge of these annuities will eventually be £1,776,000, and the total gross charge which they will entail in the present year will be £1,470,000. From this, however, must be deducted £720,000, the amount of interest payable on the stock to be converted, thus leaving a net charge for 1867-8 of £750,000. The effect of the operation next year and in every succeeding year up to 1885, will be to entail a gross charge of £1,776,000—less £720,000, the present interest—or a net charge of £1,056,000. Next year, however, the whole of the "dead weight," amounting to £585,000, per annum, will fall in; so that by the permanent devotion of something less than £500,000 per annum to this object we shall by 1885 clear off £24,000,000 of the National Debt. For the present year it is, however, necessary to apply £750,000 to the payment of terminable annuities; and after providing for this there only remains £456,000. Under ordinary circumstances, Mr. Disraeli admitted that he should not have proposed to part with any portion of this; but, looking to the state of the balances in the Exchequer, he felt himself justified in applying a sum of £210,000 to the reduction of the duty on policies of marine insurances. The present duty is severely felt in the operations of trade. It has been long a subject of complaint; and now that the tax on fire insurances has been reduced, the existing rate is quite indefensible. The shipping interest

will accept as a welcome boon a uniform duty of 3d. per cent. for policies having less, and of 6d. per cent. on policies having more, than six months to run; and, although the reform is not a very large one, it tends, so far as it goes, to redress a grievance, and to place another branch of our taxation on a just and rational basis. We shall of course be told that the sum remitted might have been better applied in some other way; nor shall we be surprised if some of the numerous claimants for relief contrive to make out a plausible case in their own behalf. But in a question of this kind a good deal must be left to the discretion of the Executive Government, if their proposals are not intrinsically objectionable; and we see no reason to doubt that Mr. Disraeli's selection will obtain the sanction of Parliament. The final surplus for 1867-8 will be £246,000; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer justly remarked that it was not advisable to leave a smaller margin between income and expenditure. There were indeed, he observed, some who might think that, in the present state of foreign affairs, he was scarcely warranted in contenting himself with so small a surplus. But he reposed such entire confidence in Lord Stanley as Foreign Secretary that he felt convinced we shall not be needlessly embroiled in war; and if that should unfortunately happen to be our lot, we shall go into the money market with all the better face, and with all the better credit, after having made an honest and honourable effort to reduce the debt of the country. Such was, in its essential features, the Budget of the right hon. gentleman; and it must be confessed that, if it did not contain any startling novelties, it was at any rate singularly free from those specious and unsound propositions with which he has on other occasions terrified the sober financiers and disgusted the sound economists of the House. The plan for the present year is commonplace, but safe; and if the expenditure is to be maintained at the sum included in the Estimates, it is not easy to see how more or better could be done with the moderate surplus which remains on the year's account. The principal objections taken to the Budget were of two kinds. The representatives of the agricultural interest not perhaps unnaturally complained that they had been once more deserted by their friends, and that the National Debt instead of the Malt-tax was selected for reduction. That, however, is a wail to which we have so long been accustomed that we have ceased to pay attention to it. On the other hand, Mr. Laing boldly advocated the policy of leaving the National Debt to take care of itself, and applying our annual surpluses to the diminution of taxation. Mr. Gladstone, however, ranged himself on the side of his successor, and defended the Budget in a speech remarkable alike for ability of argument and generosity of tone. He showed very clearly that there is no way in which surplus revenue is made more directly to fructify in the pockets of the people than by applying it to the reduction of a debt which is held by natives of the country owing it; and he eloquently urged upon the House the expediency of adhering to our well-established policy. Upon the whole, the Budget was very favourably received by the House of Commons, and it is clear that financial difficulties will not be added to the other embarrassments with which her Majesty's Government have to struggle.

MR. DISRAELI'S LAST MOVE.

WHEN Pope wrote his essay on the "Characters of Men," he only slightly touched on a class which have at last found their representative man in the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Probably Pope had not the same opportunities for studying the various traits of the particular class in question, especially when combined in a single individual, which our generation during the present session has enjoyed. Still there are lines which show that, though he has not done justice to the arts of shuffling and the triumphs of evasion, he has yet seized upon some of its great drawbacks. Thus it is, with deep insight, he writes:—

"True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none."

And this is precisely Mr. Disraeli's present position. Long ago he has been found out by the Liberals, and now he is detected by the Tories. He has so long practised the arts of evasion, that he is now seen through by everybody, even by his own party. The Tory cheers which greeted Lord Cranborne's honest inquiry on Monday night, as to what might be the question on which the Government would really stand or fall, were—rightly understood—Tory groans against Mr. Disraeli's policy of silence, or when silence was impossible, of evasion. As Pope proceeds to say, evasion and mystification defeat their own objects. To use his own metaphor, "Darkness strikes the sense no less than light." The studied obscurity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's reply to Mr. Gladstone last Monday, has attracted the very attention which he did his utmost to dispel. Its ambiguity roused the fears of the Liberals, and shocked the hopes of the Tories. The oracle might be read any way, to suit the hearer's wishes. This might answer at Delphi, where there were no newspapers and critics, but will hardly do at St. Stephen's. To return, however, to Pope, that accurate judge of human nature goes on to select a type, which Shakespeare before him had selected, of the evasive class; and we omit the strong lines with which he has drawn the portrait, because we have no wish to make what may seem personal allusions to Mr. Disraeli. We can at all events do without Mr. Disraeli's favourite weapon—personality, though against no man could it be used with such terrible effect as against himself. But as personality is his weapon for offence, so is evasion his weapon of defence. And never were his tactics in this line more plainly seen through than on Monday night. Mr. Gladstone asked that the Government would lay on the table the alterations which might be made in the Reform Bill before it was discussed in Committee, and also certain reports containing the opinions of the present and late chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue respecting the proposed taxing franchise. Nothing could be more direct than the question, nothing more indirect than the answer. The reports, Mr. Disraeli—for, we must suppose, very good reasons of his own—refused to lay on the table. He was good enough, however, to promise that he would strike out the seventh clause, which proposes to give a second vote; but as the dual vote is long ago not only dead but forgotten, we have small mercies to thank Mr. Disraeli for. With regard to all the other great questions which are now exciting England from one end to another—the lodger franchise, the reduction of the county franchise, and the ratemaking clauses—not one word could be extracted from Mr. Disraeli. All that he would consent to say was, "that in the opinion of Government, the House in committee would be able to find the best solution for them;" and further, "that the Government would enter into that committee with the most anxious desire, in co-operation with the House, to bring the question of Parliamentary Reform to a speedy and satisfactory solution," an announcement which simply had the effect of producing laughter from the Opposition. This is the end of evasion and mystification. Pope, indeed, says that

"The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;"
but there is far more truth in his next line—

"And in the cunning truth itself's a lie."

And this is the danger to which Mr. Disraeli is fast exposing himself from opponent and friend. Soon nobody will believe him. When he states that the various clauses, which have been so widely and so hotly discussed, will find their best solution in committee, he is met by incredulous laughter. His words do not produce conviction, but doubt. And it every day becomes more necessary for him to deceive his friends even more than his foes. To this climax have his tactics brought him.

There are, however, some crumbs of consolation to be picked up in Mr. Disraeli's answer. The Tory party, it seems, have

not lost all sense of shame and honour. Could Mr. Disraeli have had his way he would have made any sacrifices rather than run the risk of losing place. On the 25th of March, in his memorable speech, he was willing to take up or throw away anything,—to throw the dual vote to the philosophers from whom it came, and to take up the lodger franchise, and to let the House do what it liked about the county franchise and the redistribution scheme. He was, in short, ready to do anything. Some power, however, last Monday restrained him. Was he not, as he has called himself, the father of "the lodger franchise," and yet he uttered not one word on Monday evening about his infant? The inference is obvious. At last the Tories have determined to make a stand somewhere, though Mr. Disraeli did not say so. They should, however, have done this long ago. The conduct of General Peel, Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Cranborne, cannot be too much respected and admired. Better to lose office altogether, better never again taste any of its sweets, than be dictated to by adversaries, obliged to act contrary to principles, and, lastly, and most degrading of all, follow in the dark a leader in whom no confidence can be placed. Yet we cannot feel sure that the Government will stand by its present resolution. A Government that can make a Reform Bill in ten minutes may be able to make anything—even a Revolution—in seven days. A Government that has given up its pet clause—the safeguard of dual voting—at so slight a notice, may be easily persuaded to change some of the other clauses. And here lies the difficulty. If we knew for certain what points the Tories considered vital, the conduct of the Liberals would be very plain. As it is, however, we are as much in the dark as at the beginning of the session. Mr. Disraeli's reply on Monday night, as we have said, faintly indicated by its silence rather than anything else, that there were certain principles which the Tories would not yield. These form the essence of the people's Reform Bill. Without them it will be no Reform Bill whatever. Without a reduction of the county franchise we cannot hope to have any real representation of the counties, and without the abolition of the rate-paying clauses, and the introduction of the lodger franchise, any representation of the towns. Unless these changes are made, the country will not be satisfied. But we are not without some faint hope that these changes may be made. On Tuesday last Mr. Disraeli had an interview with the Reform League, and although his answer was as studiously ambiguous, and full of vague unmeaning promises as that which he gave to Mr. Gladstone in the House, yet we trust that interview will not be without effect. It is, of course, impossible to say what the ultimate decision of the Liberal party may be; but in its decision lies our hope. For our own part, considering with whom the Liberals have to deal, we can only give the old advice—"in rebus arduis ac difficilibus, quaecunque fortissima consilia sunt optima."

THE LUXEMBOURG QUESTION.

WHETHER it was that the hostile action of the Left in the French Chamber compelled the Imperial Government to take a step which it might otherwise have deemed unwise, or that the publication of the treaties which completed German unity added a sharper sting to French jealousy, or that these coincidences were merely the work of chance, it cannot but be regarded as darkly ominous that the opening of the Exposition at Paris should be signalized by the first rumours of a collision between the two great military Powers of the Continent. We are not disposed to put very implicit trust in these rumours, yet we cannot disregard them. We are in possession of certain broad facts that cannot be explained away, and from these it seems that only concession either on the side of Prussia or on the side of France can avert a war, the issue of which no human being dares forecast. At present, and probably for some time to come, both parties, beating about the bush, are unwilling either to show signs of yielding or to provoke a crisis. But this state of things cannot last. Even the World's Show in the French capital will not avail to quiet national suspicions. Diplomacy at most can only retard the definitive settlement of the rival claims for a few weeks, and then Europe must be prepared for the sentence that will give her peace or war. We do not desire in the least to give currency to alarmist rumours or to indulge in moral commonplaces upon the evils of Napoleonic or Bismarckian ambition; but it would be stupid to deny that the situation is very grave. It is out of all probability that this country would be directly or indirectly entangled in a Continental quarrel, though we may be affected in more ways than one by a great European convulsion. We can, therefore, look more calmly than either Frenchmen or Germans on the points

which, if not yet actually disputed, must very soon become so. And to a calm observer the matter of contention seems trifling. The danger lies not in the importance of the claim, but in the temper of the claimants. We cannot forget that the war of last year was begun upon a pretext which was known by both parties to be a sham : Luxembourg would serve as well as the Elbe Duchies for a *casus belli* were the great Powers in a fighting mood. Last autumn "the frontier of 1814" might have set Europe in a blaze, had the *fusil Chassepot* been ready.

The position of Prussia in relation to France may be very readily comprehended. Never were the facts of a great diplomatic question simpler and less complicated. Luxembourg, an insignificant district lying on the left bank of the Moselle between the French, Belgian, Prussian, and Dutch dominions has been long remarkable in European history. Its capital, of the same name, is reputed to be one among the twelve strongest fortresses on the Continent, and has been repeatedly taken and held by all the Powers that have contended in the Low Countries from the sixteenth century to the present day. The country formed part of the Austrian possessions down to the French Revolutionary War. From 1795 to 1814 it was held by France ; but with the settlement of the latter year the Stadtholder of Holland was made King of the Netherlands, and received Luxembourg not as a part of his kingdom, but as an appanage of the House of Orange-Nassau. The population of the Duchy—such was the title it bore—being German *pur sang*, it was thought proper on the foundation of the now defunct Bund to include the district and the Dutch King as its Grand Duke within the Federal Union. Previously, however, to the completion of the Confederate scheme, that is, before the signature of the Bundes-Akte in June, 1815, a private arrangement between Prussia and King William had garrisoned the famous stronghold with Prussian troops; this occupation has continued to the present time. In 1830, Luxembourg, urged no doubt by religious sympathies and antipathies, joined Belgium in its revolt; and the House of Orange remained dispossessed of its German dominions, until in 1839 the London Conference arranged bases of peace between Holland and its neighbours.

By this settlement the Duchy was divided; the Dutch King received back part, and again entered the German Federation. When in 1866 the Bund, under Austrian influence, declared war on Prussia, Bismarck, by a very sensible agreement with King William, obviated the necessity of military operations. In Luxembourg, in fact, the war was merely formal; the Prussian garrison remained as it was, and the issue was decided on the distant plain of Königgrätz. But wherever actually defeated, the Bund fell as a whole. Prussia, as a victor, dealt pretty nearly as she pleased with Germany, and Luxembourg no doubt was hers by right of conquest and by right of possession. As was well known, the King of Holland, dreading another Slesvig-Holstein imbroglio, has been most desirous to part peaceably, and without exciting jealousy, both with Luxembourg and with its companion Duchy, Limburg. The Court at Berlin and the Court at the Hague were in the most amicable relations, and Bismarck was content to wait, knowing that Prussia, being in possession, would have a better chance than any other claimant of obtaining formal sovereignty over the German State. Certain technical difficulties—the Duchy being declared inalienable in its constitution—made delay reasonable and expedient. But, while matters seemed to be so smoothly progressing, every body was suddenly startled with the news that the Dutch King, notoriously hard pressed for money, had sold his Duchy to the French Emperor for a sum of four millions sterling. This report has been officially contradicted in Holland, but so guardedly as to leave a strong impression not only that negotiations of the kind have been entered upon, but that they have proceeded very far indeed, even towards conclusion, subject merely to the view that may be taken by the Prussian Government.

We have already observed that the action of the French Emperor in this matter is involved in obscurity. Last year, when the expectations so wildly entertained by France of annexing the Rhine Provinces were frustrated, many rumours were in circulation, in which Luxembourg was mentioned as a probable acquisition for Napoleon. These, however, like kindred speculations regarding Belgium, and Switzerland, and Sardinia, were no more than conjectures; and when it was seen that France accepted very quietly her rebuff upon the Rhenish negotiations, most persons assumed that for some time, at all events, peace between her and Prussia was assured. But French opinion, as we know, has been for months seething with jealousy, uneasiness, and disappointed vanity. The good sense and prudence of the Emperor have alone averted an appeal to the sword; but his influence is limited. For him to attempt

to resist the aggressive spirit of the nation, when once roused, would be to risk his power and his dynasty. And all through the winter, events calculated to excite a less impressionable people than the French, have, one after another, taken place. In Mexico, in Italy, in Germany above all, the power of France has been compelled to recede. And while military glory seems to vanish, military burdens grow heavier and more painful day by day. A virulent Opposition loses, as is natural, no occasion of denouncing these failures, or apparent failures, in the Imperial policy; and wild as the late outrageous display of M. Thiers' vanity may be judged by us to be, it finds some sympathy in the less educated and less thinking orders in France. Not that even the rudest of the Parisian rabble would endorse the "Liberal" foreign policy of the *Côté Gauche*; the heart of the people would instinctively abhor its meanness and futility. But shortsighted and narrow-minded agitators may persuade the masses that French honour has been compromised, that the influence of France in Europe has been impaired or destroyed; and under the pressure of a military impulse urging on the people, the Emperor may be coerced into a war, the result of which it would be impossible to foresee. In order therefore, as we suppose, to anticipate and outbid the extravagances of the Liberal party, the Imperial Government has entered on negotiations respecting Luxembourg, and has, we fear, by so doing, involved itself seriously, and perhaps inextricably. It is said that the King of Holland was the first to offer the territory to France for a sum of ready money, and that France, believing that Prussia would not be averse to the bargain, accepted the offer. In the French newspapers the new acquisition of dominion was proclaimed, and hopes were entertained that this sop would divert popular attention from the growth and military consolidation of North Germany, or, as we may now call it, the German empire. But unhappily for these politic calculations, Bismarck could not or would not be amenable to cajolery. He did not want clearly either to gratify France or too sedulously to evade war; he reckoned perhaps on increasing his popularity, as he had founded it, by showing a bold front. At least, in reply to Herr von Benningsen's question, asked in the North German Parliament on Monday, the language of the Prussian Minister was very decided in tone though not precise in expression. "To be silent," said Herr von Benningsen, "would be weakness. . . . Let the King call on the people and he will find that they are one." This was the manifestation of opinion that the Minister desired, and of which he invited a fuller development. He pledged himself that "no foreign Power should endanger the undoubted right of Germany," and there for the moment he has paused, awaiting the effect of this momentous declaration at home and abroad.

It is thus not very difficult to see that Prussia, or rather Germany, will not consent to the surrender of Luxembourg. Herr von Benningsen stated that out of the two hundred thousand inhabitants of the Duchy only about two hundred were not Germans. "If France attempt to hinder the work of our reconstruction, we will show her that Germany is united." This may be taken as representing the feelings of the nation, and Count von Bismarck, though too cautious yet to adopt these words, speaks of them as "patriotic, though not diplomatic." We need be in no doubt, then, as to what Prussia will do. But what will France do? Will the Emperor fight? Dare he yield again to his astute rival? These are the questions which make Europe uneasy, and, however they may be decided, they must have a very potent political influence. It has been rumoured that since Bismarck's speech the French claim has been abandoned; it has also been rumoured that the Prussian objections have been waived. It is difficult to say which of these alternatives would be least fatal to its author. Remembering the agony of offended pride which tortured France when the Rhine was refused to the Emperor's demand, we see very little chance that Napoleon will bow once more to the genius of Bismarck. It is true that the French masses know little and care little about Luxembourg in itself, and well would it be for the nation, if it resigned all such idle claims to foreign dominion; but the inheritors of the glory of Jena will scarcely endure to swell the roll of Prussian aggrandisements. On the other hand, Prussia is bound to indulge German aspirations, just as Napoleon is bound to satisfy French ambitions. Her power, as ruler of Germany, subsists in virtue of her ability and willingness to unite and protect German soil. Were Bismarck to part with the Rhenish Provinces; were he now to surrender Luxembourg to the French claims, his strength would disappear as it arose. We cannot therefore be very sanguine that either nation will give way. Both, at all events, are preparing for war with an earnestness and rapidity that are very significant; and, if war should break out, it will be difficult to say under what conditions it will be carried on. To whom will the

alliance with Italy fall? France, it is said, has already solicited in vain the help of Victor Emmanuel, and Austria avows thus early a conspicuous neutrality. Of one thing we may be certain. If 1867 is to be made remarkable by a war, it will be no conflict of seven days. France and Germany, armed alike to the teeth and panting for battle, will meet in a struggle, national and therefore internecine. The two great names, now honoured and feared in Europe, Bismarck and Napoleon, will be tried by a fiery ordeal. Which will emerge unscathed? It is perhaps too late now to appeal to the good sense and justice of France; it is even vain to ask statesmen to check the tide of events. But though France and Germany may lose much and suffer bitterly in the contest, they cannot meet utter ruin. Either the French Emperor or the Prussian Minister must.

IRISH EPISCOPAL POLICY.

We are not about to worry our readers by discussing the Irish anomaly, nor by criticising the conduct of the Irish episcopate *de jure*. If that estimable but unpopular body has any policy, it is to remain quiet, for its strength at present assuredly is to sit still. But there is another Irish episcopate *de facto*, if not *de jure*, and concerning its policy a few words may be said with advantage, inasmuch as that policy is becoming more and more important each year, and is likely to be a powerful engine in political warfare. The Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, for of it we speak, has always exercised influence over the Catholics of Ireland. At one time a Doyle, at another time a Murray, or a M'Hale, has been the political leader of Irish Catholics. But the influence, hitherto exercised in politics by the Irish bishops, was limited very much, being confined to parts of Ireland, and neutralized to some extent by various causes. The voice of Doyle, or Murray, or M'Hale, was not the voice of the Irish Church, but of the individual prelate; and the Irish people recognised no authoritative *vox ecclesiae* either in the powerful reasonings of "J. K. L." or in Daniel Murray's gentle and peace-loving strains, or in the roar of the lion of St. Jarlath. The priests, who form the medium of communication between the bishops and the laity, were free to take or not to take the advice of their diocesan. Many preferred not to take it, and thus formed an independent party of Catholic clergymen whose votes were often given in opposition to those of their bishops, and whose influence was of course exerted among their flocks against the episcopal policy of the day. The episcopal policy, moreover, of the olden time, was not constant or uniform throughout Ireland. The leader of Catholic opinion in Dublin was not necessarily the leader of Catholic opinion in Armagh, and the Cashel province was not bound to follow Tuam as a political guide. Consequently the Irish episcopal policy was not formerly felt as a great power in the State. It was no doubt formidable, and often turned the scale at elections, sending to St. Stephen's now a Whig and now a Tory, as the passions of the day or of the place suggested. But the Irish episcopal policy of the time now present is of a far different kind from that which existed in Ireland in the days that are gone. It is no longer the policy of a bishop or bishops, liable to be thwarted by other bishops and disobeyed by the priests, but is, among Irish Catholics, the veritable *vox ecclesiae*, for it issues from Rome herself. The line of conduct which Irish bishops must take on all the leading questions of the day, is settled in the Court of Rome, and the bishops of the Irish provinces, as soon as the wishes of the Papal Government have been officially intimated to them, have only to hear and to obey. The bishops are bound, whether they like it or not, to acquaint their parish priests with the Papal behests, and to secure obedience to the prescribed policy. The priests, in their turn, are bound to move the Catholic laity in the desired direction, and thus the whole power of the Catholic Church is brought to bear on any given point with effect. To many persons this process of furthering Catholic interests will seem a spiritual despotism and an unwarrantable interference with national and individual liberties. On the other hand, it must be confessed that no edict concerning questions of mixed religious and social import arrives from Rome until the Irish bishops or Irish laymen, if they like, have communicated to the Papal Court their views *pro or con*. It is only after further and lengthened deliberation that Rome speaks on such topics as national education, on Irish Catholic university, or a State endowment for the Catholic priests. It is only on some few and great points that unanimity on the part of Irish Catholics is absolutely necessary to Catholic progress. And it is less humiliating for bishops, whose policy is condemned at the Vatican or Propaganda, to yield to the Pope, than to brother bishops

in Ireland. Archbishop M'Hale, for instance, may graciously concede to his Holiness what he refused to Cardinal Cullen. An Irish episcopal policy, thus enforced by Papal authority and obeyed by Irish Catholics, may seem dangerous to the State. Dangerous or not it exists, and can hardly be denounced by those who do not question the propriety of Churchmen or Dissenters combining for any common purpose and agreeing to abide by the decision of a majority. In the case of Fenianism the Irish episcopal policy was ranged on the side of law and order, and it was because Rome had spoken that every bishop and priest in Ireland preached against rebellion. In the case of the Tipperary or Waterford election the episcopal policy may to some appear productive of harm, but it is pharisaical to charge Catholic prelates with exercising undue influence when peers of the realm interfere without rebuke, and send messages by bailiffs directing their tenants how to vote. A priest who reminds a Catholic of his religion at the hustings may seem to select an unfit place for his clerical ministrations. He is not, however, as guilty as the landlord who chooses the polling-place as a spot to remind his tenants-at-will or his tenants in arrear that they are his victims, and must vote as their tyrant dictates. Landlord intimidation of this kind is perhaps more hateful than clerical interference. But the Irish episcopal policy is not altogether popular among the laymen of the Catholic creed, who are afraid that their own influence will be weakened by episcopal dictation. Many of the Irish priests also are hostile to a system which is supposed to have been adopted for the purpose of destroying all local and national efforts which are not favoured by the Roman Court. The priests, however, are not sufficiently independent to resist their ecclesiastical superiors. The higher classes of the Catholic laity have already remonstrated, but in vain; inasmuch as the bulk of the Catholic population of Ireland is devoted to the clergy. There seems nothing to check the growing power of this Irish episcopal policy, unless the removal of the causes which make the priests the sole guides, in politics as well as in religion, of the Irish peasants. As Irish Catholics become more enlightened, and as religious ascendancy disappears, so will the undue influence of the priesthood be diminished. At present, however, the Irish episcopal policy has done service to the State by inculcating loyalty to the Constitution in every part of Ireland. In the face of the universal resistance given by the priests to the Fenian sedition, it would be ungracious to complain of the organization which promises, at no distant date, to acquire a predominating influence at most of the Irish elections. Priests who teach their people not to appeal to force of arms, but to constitutional means, for redress of grievances, real or imagined, cannot well be censured for sharing with their flocks the perils of election strife. It is by Parliamentary action, not by foreign interference, that the loyal portion of Irishmen believe the welfare of their country can be best secured. We must not be surprised, when Irish episcopal policy and landlord terrorism strive for the mastery, to find the Irish priests active in encouraging the Catholics to vote for the candidate recommended by their recognised guides, in preference to the candidate recommended by the agent or bailiff, and forced on their attention by a "notice to quit."

THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIAN AMERICA.

THE Americans are undoubtedly a "smart" people. Their diplomatists are at any rate quite a match for those of the old world. The treaties between Prussia and the South German States were not a greater surprise to the Emperor Napoleon, than the conclusion of the convention ceding Russian America to the United States has been to our Ministers at Washington and St. Petersburg. The secrecy with which the negotiations have been carried on is not only a singular but an unpleasant feature of the transaction, for when concealment is practised, it is impossible not to suspect that there are motives at work which it is not convenient to avow. That suspicion is strengthened in the present case by the disposition which has for some time been evinced both by Russia and the United States, to enter into relations of an exceptionally close and intimate character. We cannot entirely account for the remarkable friendship which has grown up between the great Republic of the West and the Autocrat of the East, on the principle that extremes meet. Remembering that both have, or believe themselves to have, special causes of resentment against England and France, it is natural that we should regard their *rapprochement* as at least a demonstration, and possibly a threat. It is notorious that Russia has recently encouraged the wish of the Americans to obtain a footing in the Mediterranean, and it is tolerably certain that she would not do this without an eye to

future advantage for herself. The mode in which the cession of her dominions in America has been carried out, is an unequivocal proof that the Cabinet of St. Petersburg nourishes unfriendly feelings towards England. If they wanted to dispose of territory which is useless or burdensome, the obvious course would have been to offer it in the first instance to the Power whose possessions lie contiguous to it. If their object was to raise money by its sale, it is clear that they might have driven a better bargain had they invited a competition between England and the United States. The only inference that we can draw is that they have deliberately sacrificed the benefit they might thus have derived, in order to attain some object which they deem of more importance. The motives of the United States Government in making at a considerable cost an acquisition which is intrinsically valueless are not difficult to penetrate. They evidently desire to shut out the British possessions from the Pacific as much as possible; to hem in British Columbia between their own territories; to check any future expansion of the North American Confederation; and in the mean time to make some, though only an insignificant, approach towards the realization of their aspirations after the exclusive possession of the North American Continent. The less valuable their new acquisition really is, the more obvious does it become that it is intended to serve political rather than material interests. Now, it is certain that as a mere piece of land, the 481,276 square miles of which Russian America consists are not worth seven million pence much less seven million dollars. The boundaries of this desolate tract were settled by two conventions made in 1824 and 1825 between the Government of Russia on the one hand and those of the United States and England on the other. Under the latter of these instruments, which is the more important, the line of separation between British North America and the Russian possessions commences in the Pacific, at the southern extremity of the Prince of Wales's Island, in $54^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude and 132° west longitude. Proceeding up the Portland Sound it strikes the mainland, in latitude 56° , and then follows the line of a mountain range parallel to the coast. It is, however, provided that the Russian boundary shall never be more than nine marine leagues from the sea. For about 500 miles from its southernmost point, the Russian territory thus stretches northwards along the coast in a narrow strip, somewhat over thirty miles wide. The mountain range, which has for the most part separated it from British territory on the east, now terminates in Mount St. Elias, and from thence the line is drawn straight across the continent to Demarcation Point, on the Arctic Ocean. The whole of the territory north of Mount St. Elias is nearly, if not quite, uninhabitable. The belt of land which lies along the coast has a population of some 60,000 persons, who live by fishing and hunting, which are, indeed, the only occupations that can be carried on in a climate which is too inhospitable, and upon a soil that is too barren, for any kind of agriculture.

We need not waste any words in proving that a tract of country of this kind has no intrinsic value. Its direct relations with our own territories are unimportant; for, although it is interposed between the northern portions of our dominions and the sea, that is a matter of no consequence in latitudes where trade is impossible. Its possession by the United States will in no degree affect the access of the inhabitants of British Columbia to the Pacific. That colony will still retain its present not inconsiderable frontage of 500 miles from north to south along that ocean; and this is amply sufficient for any purposes of commerce, or of fishing. All the change directly and immediately affected by the transfer will be that we shall have the United States for our neighbours to the north as well as to the south. Taken by itself, that may not seem, and indeed it is not, a matter which need concern us. We certainly have no right to protest in any way against the transaction; and that being so, our most dignified course will be to say as little as possible about the matter. But although we may, and indeed must, refrain from remonstrances which would be both impertinent and useless, it is impossible that we should not feel some uneasiness at this new proof of the thirst of the United States for territorial aggrandisement. It is this which gives an unpleasant complexion to the change of ownership of this barren tract; and inspires with alarm that is none the less real and justifiable, because it is somewhat vague and indefinite. When the United States territories are divided by a British colony, there will almost inevitably arise a desire to connect the two portions by annexing the intervening province. There will be a temptation rather to keep on foot than to remove the already too numerous causes of alienation between England and the United States. We cannot forget that the question of the

right to the island of St. Juan, in Vancouver's Sound, is still unsettled, and it is certain that if the Americans were resolute on asserting their claim before the late civil war, they are not now likely to take a more conciliatory view of the question. Moreover, in spite of the assurance of Lord Stanley that our overtures for a settlement of the *Alabama* claims have not been rejected, it is plain enough that they have not been welcomed in any very friendly spirit. There is every reason to fear that no important advance towards an arrangement has been made, and that the policy of the Government of Washington is rather to keep open than to close a possible source of difference and quarrel. It is difficult to say how far the leading politicians in the United States are the dupes of Fenianism, or to what extent their avowed sympathy with it is a mere electioneering manœuvre to catch the Irish vote. But, however this may be, we cannot help feeling that it is attended with very unpleasant consequences; that it indicates a very unfriendly disposition towards this country, and that it may at any moment lead to serious embarrassments. It is understood that preparations are now actively going on in the States for another invasion of Canada, and it is confidently anticipated that the American Government will take no steps to prevent the scheme being carried out. In point of fact, it is doubtful whether Mr. Johnson dare to take such a step, unpopular as he is at present. It is true that neither the House of Representatives nor the Senate has entertained the resolutions expressive of sympathy with the Fenians which have been presented to them, but the fact that such resolutions have been proposed, and that Fenian leaders have been received with marked consideration by both branches of the Legislature, is one of disagreeable significance. If we are to believe a statement in a recent letter of the *Times*' correspondent, the President has indeed actually promised to take into consideration the propriety of recognising the Irish republic! But as this story rests upon the authority of a couple of gentlemen who had the audacity to assure Mr. Johnson that a *de facto* Irish Government of a Fenian type is in actual existence, it is obviously open to considerable doubt.

Enough, however, remains to indicate that there is a widespread sympathy amongst large and influential classes in America with any body of men, or with any cause, from which annoyance or injury to England may spring. Although we are constantly told that the great mass of the people are friendly to us, and desire nothing so much as peace, we must be forgiven for saying that we see very little sign of this. It would, at any rate, be satisfactory if their alleged friendship was a little more demonstrative, and led to some tangible results. We should certainly be glad if it were not apparently consistent with a perverse misconstruction of everything we say and do. We should have thought that the confederation of our North American provinces was a step to which the citizens of the United States could at all events take no exception. It is notorious that we regard this measure as a preparation for the independent existence of the colonies as a separate State; and that our only wish is to see the day when we may be released from the duty, the responsibility, and the barren but onerous duty of protecting them. But it seems that we are suspected of entertaining the sinister design of founding an empire on monarchical principles, and a committee of Congress has actually been appointed to take this subject into consideration. Nothing will of course come of these deliberations, but their nomination indicates, we fear correctly, the general feeling in the United States at the present moment. It is regarded as a sort of presumption in Canada and the other provinces to desire to set up for themselves, when "manifest destiny" connects their future with that of the United States. Their duty is to seek admission into the Union, and not to look forward to independence outside of it. Looking at the matter as calmly as we can, we are unable to come to any other conclusion than that there is on the part of a large portion of the people of the United States a rankling animosity towards England. Under these circumstances everything which tends to strengthen the national desire for the exclusive empire of the Western continent, is a source of peril, however remote; and it is chiefly on this account that we look with distrust and apprehension to the contemplated aggrandisement of the Western Republic.

THE DISCHARGE OF MR. EYRE.

We were never amongst those who thought it desirable to prosecute Mr. Eyre for murder. The evidence taken before the Jamaica Commission satisfied us that he had proved himself incapable as a governor; that he had allowed himself to be carried away by the passions and the fears of the white

population of the island; that he had most culpably given free scope and license to the troops, whom he allowed to roam over the eastern portion of the island, burning houses and shooting negroes with indiscriminate cruelty; and that he had sanctioned the execution of Gordon after a trial that was little better than a mockery, and under circumstances which did not allow him to plead necessity as a justification. But grave as his misconduct was, we felt that it was something quite different from, and fell short of, the guilt which we imply when we use the word "murder." However lawyers might argue—by whatever legal subtleties the case might be brought under that denomination—it appeared to us that the common sense of the public would revolt against the attempt to confound Mr. Eyre with the ordinary run of criminals who appear at the Old Bailey; and we did not think that a trial for the highest offence known to the land was an appropriate, or indeed an admissible method of obtaining the decision of a court on the powers and duties of colonial governors. We foresaw from the first that the proceedings would degenerate into a solemn farce, and we have been abundantly justified by the result so far as any has hitherto been attained. It is true that General Nelson and Lieutenant Brand, whom we must treat as Mr. Eyre's accomplices, have been committed—and, under the circumstances, very properly so—by Sir Thomas Henry, the learned and experienced police magistrate who presides at Bow-street. But the prosecution was conducted in a manner which showed that those who were engaged in it scarcely regarded it in a serious light. The alleged criminals were treated with ostentatious courtesy. Their convenience was studied in every possible way. The warrant for their apprehension was not even served upon them. The counsel for the prosecution dealt with them in the gentlest manner; and when they were committed for trial they were admitted to bail with as much facility as if they had been charged with a petty misdemeanour. This was not a spectacle calculated to reflect credit upon the administration of justice, for its inevitable tendency was to confuse the popular notions of legal and moral guilt and to create an impression that there is after all no necessary connection between them. That is an evil for which it seems to us a solemn decision by the court of criminal appeal as to the powers of officers acting under martial law will be a very poor and inadequate compensation. But after all, nothing that occurred at Bow-street is so absurd as that which took place on the hearing of Mr. Eyre's case before the Market Drayton bench. We do not blame Mr. Fitz-James Stephen for the course which he took. As a barrister, he is bound to accept any brief tendered to him, and to prosecute as a murderer a gentleman for whom he may in private entertain the highest respect. But it is certainly a novelty in criminal prosecutions to hear a thing described in one breath as a murder, and in another as an act which "a brave and public-spirited man might under certain circumstances be tempted to commit;" to hear the same man alternately the object of compliments and of capital charges. For our own part, we concur in neither the praise nor the blame—believing, as we do, that Mr. Eyre is simply a weak and passionate man, who lost his head in a trying emergency. But then we should never have sought to place him on his trial. And we cannot help saying that those who did, ought to have made up their minds before undertaking the prosecution whether he is or is not in any real sense a murderer, or is merely "a well-meaning man" who has in a moment of difficulty committed a technical fault. If he were the former, all these "ghastly compliments," as they have been well called, were utterly out of place; if he were the latter, then undoubtedly the criminal law ought not to be strained for the purpose of bringing him, by forensic ingenuity, within its deadliest meshes. It is nothing short of an abuse of the law to charge a man with murder when you do not believe that he is morally guilty of the crime. We are not aware how far the Jamaica Committee are answerable for the inconsistent manner with which their case was presented to the magistrates, but until they repudiate their representative, we must hold them responsible for his speeches; and we say with the greatest confidence that those speeches imply the fullest and most complete condemnation of the course they have adopted.

At the same time we do not by any means approve of the course adopted by Sir Baldwin Leighton and his colleagues in dismissing the case. However ill-judged it may have been to raise the question of Mr. Eyre's guilt by a criminal prosecution, still, when that question was raised, it became desirable that it should be set at rest finally and conclusively by a competent tribunal. Sir Thomas Henry very properly acted on that view. He heard the case elaborately argued. He probably formed a strong opinion as to the result of sending it before a jury;

but he knew that it is not the duty of a magistrate to decide difficult questions of law or fact, and he declined to take upon himself a responsibility which did not belong to his office. The Shropshire magistrates were troubled with no similar scruples. Although two eminent counsel had thought it necessary to argue the case in speeches each of some six hours length, they decided in ten minutes that "there was nothing in it," and by discharging Mr. Eyre did their best to frustrate any inquiry or decision by the only tribunal qualified to entertain a case of so much difficulty and complexity. In so doing we have no hesitation in saying that they grossly violated a plain duty, and gave palpable evidence of a bias which had in many ways marked their conduct during the progress of the case. We cannot, however, say that we regard their conduct with any great amount of astonishment. The "great unpaid" were never eminently distinguished either for sagacity or impartiality; and to judge from several recent cases, they have by no means improved of late years. Tried by a court of country gentlemen, the conclusion was foregone before the case was opened; and Mr. Gifford only wasted a splendid burst of theatrical emotion, which professional economy of dramatic effects should have led him to reserve for the benefit of a common jury. If Mr. Eyre's legal advisers thought that they would gain any advantage for their client by procuring the opinion of a rustic bench of justices in his favour, they were undoubtedly warranted in taking the course they adopted. But we must say that although Mr. Eyre's conduct in courting the seclusion of Adderley Hall may be compatible with prudence, it is utterly inconsistent with that chivalrous eagerness to court investigation which he formerly professed. Although the Conservative organs may trumpet forth the Market Drayton decision as a great triumph, and may assure him that his character is thereby cleared, he must be aware—unless long residence abroad has rendered him ignorant of England—that the off-hand opinion of a quartett of justices carries with it no sort of weight, and produces no impression whatever upon public opinion. He is still liable to a repetition of the charge; and so far as his character was impugned by the prosecution, it has certainly not been cleared by his discharge, and still less by the speech of his counsel. If, indeed, we were to yield to the impression produced upon us by that speech, we should be disposed to retract our objections to the course which has been adopted by the Prosecution Committee. We are quite ready to allow Mr. Eyre to retire into obscurity with the loss of his official employment, and under such disgrace as is entailed upon him by the condemnation of the Royal Commission, and of the successive Secretaries of State. But if he is to be treated as a hero and a martyr—if his friends will insist on demanding that he should be honoured and applauded—then it may become necessary to stamp his conduct, still more emphatically than has hitherto been done, with the public reprobation which is its due. This is not the time, nor have we now space to re-argue the case, and to re-state the grounds on which we have throughout condemned Mr. Eyre. But we must once more, in the interests of truth and justice, remind those who may have forgotten the facts, that Gordon was seized in a district in which martial law did not prevail, and was carried into one where it had been proclaimed; that he was denied legal assistance on his trial; that nearly all the evidence against him was inadmissible on the ground that it was merely hearsay, while the rest was of the most frivolous description; that the execution took place after Mr. Eyre had declared the rebellion to be crushed; and that it was subsequently justified by him, not so much as an appropriate punishment for crimes which had been committed, but as a means of striking terror and of averting a danger which, by his own confession, had at the time passed away. The Royal Commissioners gave it as their unequivocal opinion that Gordon had been wrongfully put to death, and for that wrong Mr. Eyre is morally responsible. His own letters and despatches prove, with the most painful distinctness, that he entertained towards Gordon feelings which disqualified him from forming an impartial judgment on the case; and although we do not say that his conduct amounted to murder, we assert most emphatically that it was such as ought to deprive him of all public respect or sympathy. If Mr. Eyre desires to remove from his character the stain left upon it by the solemn finding of the Royal Commission in reference to the execution of Gordon, he must seek his deliverance from a very different court than a bench of Shropshire magistrates.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

A MONTH too soon the Paris Exhibition has been opened, in a state of such unreadiness that it is as yet indeed

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scarcely an exhibition at all. England has had the credit of being one of the four countries whose courts have been completed in time, and, considering how much she will have to pay her commissioners, or their underlings, for the work, this was the least she could expect in return. Russia, Sweden, and Denmark were ready; but, with these exceptions, the opening was premature. France herself was as backward as Austria and Prussia, who have yet more than half their work to do before their courts will be finished, and a host of other States have either not unpacked their cases, or have not yet received them. Only on Saturday was it known definitely that the Exhibition would be opened at all; and if the general feeling, and what would appear to have been the true policy, had been consulted, the opening would have been deferred till May. It is impossible to say what reasons prevailed against the general wish. There seems to be no doubt that when the great shop has been completely furnished with its intended wares, it will surpass all other shops of a similar description, in the richness and variety at least of its contents, and will be worthy of the kingly pomp and ceremony with which it has been customary to honour their inauguration. As it was, the opening was a very tame affair—little more than a private visit of the Emperor and Empress, who came at two and left at half-past three, much pleased, it would appear, by the lusty cheering with which they were greeted in the British Machinery Gallery. Indeed, the genuine British cheer plays a prominent part in the letters of our "Special Correspondents." In one we read that as the Emperor descended a certain staircase "he was greeted with the loud hurrahs which one rarely hears out of England;" in another that, when he pointed out the drawings of the Channel Railway to the Empress, the crowd "raised a genuine English cheer;" in another, that "the British cheers from the crowds in the Machinery Gallery were vehement, and appeared to delight the Imperial party;" in a fourth, that when the Emperor arrived under the portico, "a great shout went up, the English cheers from the right almost drowning the confused shouting from the French side." Two British sailors, who made themselves conspicuous by raising the British cheer louder than any other Britons present, were honoured by a smile from the Empress; and an enthusiastic British exhibitor, who called for "one cheer more" for her Majesty, had the happiness of sending her away "all smiles." A little heartiness upon so tame a ceremony must have been agreeable.

It is strange that such an opportunity for displaying the natural talent of Frenchmen for tasteful and brilliant ceremonial should have been neglected; and the suggestion is not without weight that the Emperor may have wished to distract public attention from political matters at a time when the Luxembourg question creates such a lively interest. It is one of the misfortunes of the Emperor of the French that he has created an appetite which he has recently found himself unable to satisfy. He has baulked the expectations of those who have looked to him for success, and has disappointed the ambition of his subjects in that very matter with regard to which, in immediate prospect of the war between Prussia and Austria, he had spoken to them in the tone of one who had only to demand in order to receive. It is not necessary that the appetite which he has encouraged in his subjects should be satisfied as far as the interests of the French nation, as a European Power, are concerned. But it is necessary, if France is to continue her consent to the loss of her liberties, and to the rule of Napoleon. Frenchmen, if they were free to make their own laws, might be content to see a great North German nation erected, and to pursue the path of peaceful internal development, in spite of the rebuff of last autumn. But to induce them to tolerate a Napoleon upon his own terms, they naturally expect that there shall be no rebuffs. They may be willing to submit to a despotism tempered by success, but not to one which is made ludicrous by large pretence and no performance. The tumble from the Auxerre speech to the circular of M. de Lavalette was a woful descent. What made it worse was, that it was notoriously a submission to necessity. The feeling that it was so was nowhere so strong as in France. And now that the Luxembourg question seems likely, if pressed in the interests of France, to have as serious a pitfall to the Emperor as his demands after the close of the war in Bohemia, it is easy to understand that he would be loth to postpone the opening of an international festival which would create new sources of interest for his subjects, and possibly turn their minds from less pleasing ones.

Neither its state of unreadiness, nor its lack of beauty as a structure, can take from the political importance of the Paris Exhibition, happening, as it does, at a time when very little is required to disturb the peace of Europe. It is a pledge that, at least for some time, there will be no falling out between

France and Prussia, and it may leave pledges of peace behind it when it has run its course. These International Exhibitions have not, it is true, done what was expected of them when Sir Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace first rose in Hyde Park. Great things were promised in their name: peace and goodwill to men of all nations; cessation of war, and the reign of industry. Three years after the doors of the first of them were closed began the first of that series of wars from which the earth has hardly rested ever since. Three years more and we had an Indian mutiny, more dreadful than any war. Two years passed, and Lombardy was deluged with blood, which hardly had ceased to flow when war again broke out in the South of Italy. Then came the long struggle in America, then the war in Denmark, and then the seven days' campaign in Bohemia. Had it not been that the exhibition which was opened on Monday was approaching, we might by this time have had another war to add to our list; and even while it has been in preparation, almost every Power in Europe has been planning the reorganization of its army. These are not the pacific results which were expected from the occasional gathering together of the world's industries, and it is certainly unfortunate for their reputation that they have thus far been contemporaneous with the bloodiest contests the world has seen. But, notwithstanding this awkward fact, we cannot suppose them to be wholly without the influence they were expected to exercise so largely on the temper of mankind. It is difficult to trace the extent to which they have operated in increasing the love of peace. But as that love grows with the growth of industry and the increase of commerce, and as these are stimulated by international exhibitions, there can be no doubt that such exhibitions have been a gain to the family of nations. Whatever the Emperor's disposition may be, whether he is as really willing as he has said, to look on the aggrandisement of Prussia as a success at which France should not repine, there is reason to believe that the French people have not now that ardent love of war which hitherto has made them so prone to disturb the peace of Europe. Their dissatisfaction with the plan for reorganizing the army is universal, and we should willingly hope that it proceeds as much from an indisposition to be continually adding to glories which can never be surpassed as from dislike to that particular plan. If that is so, there is no reason why there should not now be another prolonged reign of peace in Europe. Italy is one, and Germany is one. The Eastern question need not be the occasion of a European war; and if France were satisfied to witness the consolidation of Prussia's triumphs, no cause of apprehension would be left. The danger of interfering to check the work of consolidation is, possibly, not a consideration which Frenchmen would admit as worthy of attention, though undoubtedly it is so. But we may be allowed to hope that the remarkable strides which commerce has made of late years have somewhat weaned them from the national proneness to war, and that the Paris Exhibition happening at the present time will heal the soreness which the events of last summer occasioned.

CHIEF JUSTICE WALPOLE.

Poor Mr. Walpole seems fated never to hear the last of the case of Toomer. On Monday night Sir R. Collier asked for the production of the papers on which Mr. Walpole's decision was founded, and as Mr. Walpole objected to produce them, Sir R. Collier gave notice of a motion which should compel him. We shall be glad if they are laid on the table, for many reasons. Together with most other people we have examined the case by the light of the evidence reported at the trial, and with most other people we have come to the conclusion that on that evidence no rape could be established. But we have also had the advantage of hearing the story told by Miss Partridge's supporters, and, unlike those supporters, we have come to the conclusion that if that story be true, no rape could have been committed. Mr. Justice Shee's reasons, and Chief Justice Walpole's conclusions, may of course be too strong for us. There may be facts which did not come out at the trial, and which, as Mr. Walpole hints, ought not to be submitted to the public. But it is most important that we should know why the jury found Toomer guilty, why the recommendation to mercy was not received, why so severe a sentence was passed, and why the Home Secretary refused to examine the finding, to give effect to the recommendation, or to mitigate the sentence.

In his answer to Sir R. Collier, Mr. Walpole said that the whole case turned upon the credibility of the witnesses. He must either decide that the prosecutrix committed perjury, or that Toomer had committed a rape. If he took the former view, he set himself up in opposition to a jury on the matter

of fact which is peculiarly a jury's province. Should it appear that the first jury had erred, a second ought to be impanelled. And if the second jury found Miss Partridge guilty of perjury, that would be equivalent to its acquitting Toomer of rape, and the Home Secretary might safely pardon a man who had been found guilty by a direct trial, and not guilty by an indirect one. This will seem a bungling way of administering justice. It is worse than bungling when we look at the peculiar circumstances of a criminal trial. When Toomer was tried his own mouth was shut, yet he might have been a material witness. If Miss Partridge was to be tried, her mouth would be shut; yet her case depended almost entirely on her own evidence. Instead of a conflict of evidence at one trial, we should have a conflict between the evidence at two trials, and the then prosecutrix might fail merely because she would be the now prisoner. We merely state this to illustrate the singular fitness of Mr. Walpole's suggestion. But it seems to us that the suggestion was in every respect unnecessary. If we were to allow that the main facts adduced by Miss Partridge were true, we should argue that they constituted a forcible seduction. To show that they constituted a rape, other facts must be brought forward. Could it be proved that the house in which the act took place was lonely, and that there were no people within hearing, we should hardly insist on the necessity of screaming. But it is shown by the affidavits of next-door neighbours that the partition walls between the houses are so thin that ordinary conversation in one house can be heard in those adjoining. Could it be proved that Miss Partridge was prevented from screaming by her mouth being stopped, that she struggled mutely but persistently, that the servants in the house were bribed not to listen, and that further resistance was put down by the sight of a loaded pistol, most of the other facts would be explained. But if Toomer could have stopped his victim from screaming, could he not have prevented her knocking against the wall, which was inconveniently placed for access from the bed? If he could quell further resistance by a pistol, why not all resistance? If the servants were bribed not to hear screams, why should they hear knocking? All that these assertions prove is, that Miss Partridge did not consent to be Toomer's mistress, that she struggled against him, and that she wanted to have him punished. But if this is enough to convict a man of a crime which was lately capital, and which is still most justly visited with extreme severity, all the definitions in our law books are wrong, and Justice Shee and Chief Justice Walpole ought to frame a new code for the protection of female virtue. That the jury did not think Toomer really guilty of rape appears from the recommendation to mercy. It is utter nonsense to suppose that a woman could encourage her own rape any more than a man could encourage his own murder. For the essence of rape is that it must be committed "by force and against the will" of the victim. In what sense can it be said that any one encourages that which must be done with the utmost force and against the utmost resistance?

We do not wish to be regarded as champions of Toomer. We think that he was guilty of what, as the law now stands, is a common assault, though it might very wisely be made a separate offence under the name of forcible seduction. To us he is what the *Times* makes Mr. Stephen call Governor Eyre, an obscene and uninteresting criminal; but we object to his being marked out for Mr. Walpole's rigour, while Wager is the recipient of Mr. Walpole's mercy. Still, we should not be contented with a relaxation of Toomer's sentence, for a man cannot be convicted of one offence and punished for another. On Mr. Walpole's own showing, it is clearly his duty to inquire if the facts proved against Toomer bear out his sentence. If he is in doubt on this point, which is purely one of law, let him refer it to the judges. If the facts seem to him contradictory, and he suspects Miss Partridge of perjury, let him consult the Attorney-General. Either course would be better than throwing the onus on Toomer's friends. But the truth is that the whole machinery of the Home Office, as an irresponsible Court of Appeal, is defective. Baron Bramwell said, with great justice, that it would be the worst court there could possibly be if the Secretary of State was not always so fit a man and always so ably advised. Whether there be any ambiguity in this sentence or not—whether it means that the Home Secretary is always so fit for the worst court there can possibly be, and is so ably advised as to the precedents and practice of that court—must be left to the decision of its author. But Mr. Walpole's fitness, and the advice he has received, can be tested by the recent cases. The theory of trial by the Home Office is that it may apply general principles of humanity and expediency to the strict rules of law. A man is found guilty of a crime, and is sentenced to the punishment which the

law prescribes for that crime. But there may be circumstances that diminish the criminality, not of the act, but of the perpetrator, and while these cannot be taken into account by the jury who decides as to the facts, or by the judge who interprets the law, they may be considered by the supreme authority which has to translate facts and law into justice. This is all very well as far as it goes. Yet there are cases to which it cannot apply. Take the pardon granted to Smethurst. He was tried for poisoning Miss Banks, and was found guilty. The evidence on which he was convicted was, to a great extent, of a scientific nature. After the trial some fresh light was thrown on the scientific evidence, and the Home Secretary referred this new matter to the Chief Baron. The Chief Baron thought there were one or two points in the evidence which had not been properly put to the jury, and suggested that they should be referred to some medical and scientific persons selected by the Home Secretary. Instead of doing this, Sir G. C. Lewis sent all the papers to Sir Benjamin Brodie; Sir Benjamin Brodie retried the whole case on the papers sent him, and then stated that the impression on his mind was that there was not absolute and complete evidence of Smethurst's guilt. On this "impression" of an eminent surgeon, the Home Secretary overruled the verdict of twelve men who were sworn to give a decision according to their conscience, and who were assisted by all the acuteness of a trained judicial intellect. The impression on their mind might be favourable or unfavourable to the prisoner, but they were bound to disregard it. They had certain facts put before them, and on those they were required to pronounce whether or no Miss Banks was poisoned, and "if yea," whether or no Smethurst gave her that poison. The mind often takes refuge in disbelief when it is driven from the last stronghold of denial, and many a culprit is acquitted by public opinion because public opinion is not bound to pass sentence. But the object of the law is to protect the innocent by restraining the guilty, and for this purpose it cannot be allowed to suspend its judgment. It must arrive at truth so far as truth can be attained. Necessity is laid upon it, and it must decide. Sir Benjamin Brodie may refuse to believe that a given man could have murdered a given woman; but a judge and jury have nothing to do with what could be, they have only to do with what was. It is well that it should be so, as, otherwise, no jury would come to a conclusion.

While, however, we simplify the task of the jury, it is evident that we add to the difficulties of the Home Office. And as the Home Office drifts about helplessly without any principle, according as one judge is satisfied and one surgeon is dissatisfied, we merely exchange one uncertainty for another. In the case of Wager, for instance, Mr. Walpole discovered that there was no premeditation, and he seems to have teased the judge into compliance with a mistaken recommendation of the Capital Punishment Commissioners. In the case of Toomer, Mr. Walpole found contradictions in the evidence, and he seems to have relied on the judge's report of the way in which these contradictions were reconciled. The result is, that in both cases there has been a miscarriage of justice. In the one a misapprehension of law has led to the grant of mercy; in the other, mercy has been refused because the law is misapprehended. Our highest court of criminal appeal will not re-try causes which need re-trying, but it will commute sentences which need affirming. It will not abdicate its functions for fear an abler court should exercise them. It will not give its reasons for fear of their being found insufficient.

THE ADULTERATION OF BEER.

WE turn with our usual interest to that portion of the tenth annual Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue now before the public, which records the labour and the progress of the Excise Chemical Department. The reports of the Principal of the Laboratory are always replete with written and statistical matter of that kind which indicates in a clear and conclusive manner the state of commercial morality amongst that class of traders subject to revenue supervision, and the greater or less sophistication of the commodities in which they deal, and is, therefore, most interesting to those who, like ourselves, are anxiously concerned for the welfare of the public health. As might be expected, Mr. Phillips has to repeat his oft-told tale of fraud on the revenue, and consequent imposition on the public, in almost every article liable to duty. We find beer alluded to as a commodity which is frequently and largely adulterated, and upon this subject we are desirous of making a few remarks.

It is an undoubted fact that the consumption of this, our

national beverage, is largely on the increase, partly no doubt on account of the growing sobriety of the age, but also partly in consequence of the action of the Legislature; for while the duty on spirits has of late years been considerably increased, that on malt, and of course inferentially on beer, has been left undisturbed. On referring to the appendix in the Commissioners' Report, we find that the quantity of beer brewed in the United Kingdom has increased from 17,984,773 barrels in 1857 to 25,388,600 barrels in 1866, being at the rate of over 40 per cent. in the decennial period, whilst in the same series of years the growth of the population has only been 6·25 per cent. Allowing for the quantity of beer exported, it will be seen that the annual consumption of that commodity in the United Kingdom now amounts to the enormous quantity of 900,000,000 gallons; and hence, if there be any beverage in the purity, and wholesomeness of which the nation is greatly interested it is beer. But what is the real state of the case? On referring to the present and previous reports, we find that of the samples of beer and of materials used by brewers, more than two-thirds of the whole number were found to contain illicit ingredients, the catalogue of which is truly appalling. In the list of adulterants we find—*cocculus indicus*, tobacco, grains of paradise, chilies, coriander, caraway, and mustard seeds, quassia, chiretta, gentian, ginger, chamomile flowers, sweet flag, wormwood, horehound, aloes, caramel, liquorice, treacle, chicory, sulphuric acid, saltpetre, carbonate of soda, and common salt. It must be observed, and the fact is to be regretted, that although some of the above are merely used as bitters, yet, since the repeal of the hop duty, the Excise, in consequence of their legal powers being limited, have taken no cognizance of any adulterant except such as they consider a substitute for malt. Though, from a revenue point of view, many of the substances named may be unlawful, and, however strongly their use may be censured as a fraud upon the public, yet most of them would not have such a deleterious effect upon the human system as to call forth special condemnation from the medical profession. But at the head of the list we find two substances—viz., *cocculus indicus* and tobacco, which possess such unwholesome and pernicious properties that we hope, for the sake of our common humanity, that those persons who use them are ignorant of their terrible effects. We cannot think that any tradesman would, for the sake of a trifling profit, knowingly inflict on his fellow-creatures the dreadful consequences which must inevitably ensue from the habitual consumption of a beverage in the preparation of which either of the two substances named had entered.

Cocculus indicus is the seed of the *Anamirta cocculus*, a climbing plant of the natural order *Menispermaceæ*, and although there is no known legitimate use for it in this country, we find, from the Customs' returns, that in 1865 more than 9,400lbs. were imported. Notwithstanding its use is prohibited under heavy penalties, there is reason to believe it has long been employed in the brewing of beer; and its use in brewing is named by Morrice in a treatise on that subject, in which he gives full directions for its employment. In the manufacture of porter, he directs that three pounds of *cocculus indicus* be added to every ten quarters of malt. "It gives," says he, "an inebriating quality which passes for strength of liquor," and he further states, "that it prevents second fermentation in bottled beer, and consequently the bursting of the bottles in warm climates." The amount of *cocculus indicus* imported would, at this rate, be sufficient to adulterate more than 120,000 barrels of beer. In a note in Dr. Pereira's "Materia Medica," by the editors, Drs. Taylor and Rees, they say, as the result of their personal experience of the symptoms caused by the presence of *cocculus indicus* in beer:—"There is no stupor, but a kind of heaviness induced, in which the person is conscious of all that is passing around him, without having the power to move or to rouse himself from his lethargic condition." And in the body of the same work Pereira states:—"Cocculus indicus is rarely employed in medicine . . . the greater part is consumed for illegal purposes, principally for adulterating beer and ale." And of its properties he says:—"It is poisonous to all animals. . . . It acts on the cerebro-spinal system, causing staggering, trembling, tetanic convulsions, and insensibility." A scientific friend of ours desirous of testing the action of picrotoxin, the active principle of *cocculus indicus*, on his own system, took a crystal scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. The immediate effect was a rush of blood to the head, the veins of the neck and head stood out like cords, and a feeling of suffocation ensued; the extremities became cold, and a confusion of ideas followed. In spite of all attempts at relief, the effects of the poison were felt for two or three days. Is it possible that those who are engaged in producing and dispensing our national beverage are using a substance so

detrimental in its effects on the human system as *cocculus indicus*? If so, and we are reluctantly compelled to conclude that such is the case, then we fully concur in the condemnatory remarks of the learned editors we have quoted, that "it is disgraceful to our laws that an article which is used only for illegal purposes, should be allowed to be imported;" and that, as an effectual means of stopping the practice, "the nefarious adulterator, when detected, besides being fined and having his license withdrawn, should be compelled to take a certain quantity of the prepared extract of his own beer, on the principle

"Nec lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire suā."

Tobacco, the second of the pernicious adulterants named, is well known for the nausea, giddiness, and stupefying effect which it produces. Our own opinion is, that it is one of the vilest and most repulsive adulterants of beer that human ingenuity could suggest.

Such, then, are the properties of two of the most noxious constituents of beer as brewed in some parts of England; and although the detections hitherto made would seem to indicate that their use is most prevalent in the midland counties, and in some districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, there is too much reason to fear that the employment of these pernicious substances in brewing is far more general. It is a striking coincidence, however, nay it may be, as Mr. Phillips observes, "more than a coincidence," that in those parts of the country in which the use of these and other noxious materials has been known to prevail for many years, there should have been a corresponding notoriety for trade outrages, and deeds of brutal, often deadly, violence. But even if the occasional eruptions of violence could be directly traced to the use in beer of the poisonous substances named, they would probably be but as dust in the balance to the hundreds and thousands of cases in which passion and strife might be engendered to that minor degree which would not come within the cognizance of the law, but where the effect on the community would be seen in debilitated and shattered constitutions, ruined homes, and an emaciated and sickly posterity. From other and less preventable causes, such as the tendency of the population to congregate in towns, the increasing number of indoor and injurious trades and less simple modes of living, the deterioration of the physique of our noble Anglo-Saxon race is proceeding at a pace which it is a crime to accelerate.

We regret that the Excise authorities cannot legally take cognizance of any adulteration unless it be one which defrauds the revenue. The moment a duty is removed, the floodgates of adulteration are opened: so that to a certain extent a duty is a guarantee of purity. Those who agitate for the repeal of a tax often state as one of their arguments that the poor can only afford to pay a certain price, and by the value of the commodity being so enhanced by the tax, the tradesman is compelled to adulterate to meet the price which the poor can pay; and if the tax were removed, they, the poor, would be able to buy a good and genuine article at a much lower price. Experience proves the reverse of this invariably to be the case, for not only is the untaxed article sold less pure, but in many instances the customer does not even get a reduction in price equivalent to the amount of the tax. We are, as a people, such devotees to freedom of trade, and so impatient of restraint, that we will not even protect ourselves by passing such laws as would prevent some of our countrymen from making dishonest profits, although they do so to the detriment of our health. A little of the "paternal" form of government in these cases would not be without its advantage in this country. It is true that a step was made in the right direction in the passing of the "General Adulteration Act," 23 & 24 Vict., c. 84, but that Act has long been known to be practically inoperative. It was absurd to expect that any private individual would put himself to trouble, expense, and perhaps subsequent annoyance, for the benefit of an indifferent and thankless public. Adulteration is such a growing evil, that unless checked, it will soon get beyond the power of the Government to cope with it. The subject requires immediate and earnest attention.

NATIONAL SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.

ONE of the resources of our country which is most obviously limited in supply has attracted an almost disproportionate amount of attention. We allude, of course, to the coal question, which excited so much interest last year, partly owing to Mr. Jevons's excellent treatise and partly to Mr. Mill's speech

upon the same subject in Parliament. We have no wish to enter upon this question more fully than is necessary for the purpose of illustration. We will, therefore, only remark that, in the opinion of most competent judges, it is tolerably certain that within two centuries, at the outside, we shall begin to feel the pressure of the diminishing supply in one of two ways. Either we shall go on consuming and increasing our consumption as now, and so be actually approaching exhaustion; or we shall check the consumption, and thence lose, to some extent, our relative superiority in manufactures, to the consequent damage of our national power and wealth. That the supply of our mineral store is really limited must have been obvious to the first person who began to reflect upon the subject. Recent discussions seem to have done for this question very much what the publication of Malthus's essay did in the matter of population. They have forced upon the popular attention, as a matter of proximate practical importance, results and tendencies which men had hitherto been content to relegate to a remote and shadowy future. Of course, it is open to people to say, as many do say, that chemistry has such inventions in store as shall make us independent of coal. But the appeals which are made from time to time to this resource look much more as if they were attempts to remove despondency than uttered with cheerful confidence. On the whole, in reference to our prospects upon this point, we cannot help being reminded of a weird and striking image of Carlyle, which he employs, however, in another application. He compares the present generation to a party of apes sitting chattering over the fire of a burning log which they have found in a forest. They are happy in their way whilst the fire lasts, but they can do nothing to help themselves, and as soon as the wood has burnt itself out they will be left to shiver and die.

There is another question, somewhat analogous to the one just mentioned, but which has scarcely received the attention it deserves. Some years ago it would have been thought very ridiculous to apprehend any scarcity of water, not in London merely, but throughout our country generally. But this is a matter which is already beginning to excite grave anxiety in many minds. It should be borne in mind that the demand for water increases not merely with the increase of population, but also with the spread of sanitary measures. How far would the Thames itself go towards supplying every Londoner with water for a sponge-bath in the morning? Or to make a less violent supposition, what a vast additional amount of water would be needed if every one in the metropolis were to do no more than wash his hands and face decently twice a day. Even as it is the supply is becoming inadequate, and the water companies dare not or must not take very much more from the Thames, or the sewage which the towns above London supply to that river would not be sufficiently diluted to flow into the sea. Hence the plans, which are advocated from time to time, for drawing water from the Severn, from Bala Lake, even from the Cumberland and Westmoreland lakes. But these schemes are opposed on the ground that they would be trenching on the natural supplies of the manufacturing districts in Lancashire and Yorkshire. These towns may not really want the water just now, but they declare that they soon will want it, and they therefore very naturally object to having it all drawn off for the consumption of the Londoners.

Again, the land itself—we mean agricultural land—is growing yearly more scarce. At the same time that the demand for it is rapidly increasing through our growing population and wealth, the supply of it is being somewhat curtailed by the growth of cities. Hence a change is coming on that will soon produce effects that will make some of the commonly accepted principles of political economy quite inapplicable to our own country. Lord Stanley, in a speech delivered a year or so ago, we think at Lynn, called attention to the fact that, owing to increased demand, land was being less and less bought as an investment for capital, and more and more as a costly luxury. The peasant proprietor and the yeoman are finally disappearing without any hope of return, for they cannot afford to pay for a profit the price which others will pay for an enjoyment. In other words, the possession of land is approximating towards the case of keeping game. It is kept up primarily not for profit, but for the purposes of dignity and enjoyment. Something is, of course, made out of it; but this is to be regarded much more in the light of a partial set-off than as partaking of the nature of profit. To the ordinary denizen of a great town, of course, these considerations are not those which seem most prominent. But the constant inclosure of commons, and the steady removal of anything like green fields and shady lanes to an increasing distance from his residence are a very serious evil. There is something almost to make one shudder in the thought of London with its Hampstead

Heath and Wimbledon Common built over, and uninterrupted houses in every direction over a radius of ten miles from Charing-cross. It is all very well to say that this progress gives advantages equivalent to those which it takes away. It does give them to some people, but by no means to all. Suburban residences are all very pleasant to those who can afford time and money to live at a distance from their work; but to the poor man the sphere of available enjoyment is limited almost entirely within the distance to which he can walk when his day's work is done. When Registrars are triumphant over the increased population of London, it should be remembered that this increase is causing a gradual destruction of one of the great sources of happiness of the masses.

We have touched upon only a few points out of a number which have suggested themselves. But what we have mentioned are sufficient to excite rather curious reflections. How does it come to pass that nations are in some respects inclined to limit their view of the future to so much narrower a compass than individuals would be content to do? If a cathedral or palace were built which it were known, or even shrewdly suspected, would come to the ground within one hundred and twenty years, there would be a great outcry raised against the iniquity of the contractor. And if he were to suggest that the future resources of chemistry would probably avail to counteract any decay that time might bring on, we should think that he wished to add insult to fraud. So with a man's estate. Any one who was avowedly cultivating the soil in a way to exhaust it, even within a century at the least, would be very generally stigmatized as unjust to his posterity. It would be considered selfish not to afford even our remote descendants the same advantages that we enjoy. And yet, when it is suggested that it would be only fair for the present generation to make a serious effort to begin removing the national debt, because a century hence the burden may be much heavier, the objection is angrily raised by multitudes that such a contingency is much too remote for us to trouble ourselves about it.

Whence arises this difference? Many causes combine, but we have only space to indicate two which may have something to do with it. One reason may be that in the case of the exhaustion of such a substance as coal, it is felt by most persons that ultimately it is inevitable. A good deal of fatalism and indifference is encouraged when it is clearly recognised that a contingency can at best be only deferred. Prudence is not much exercised anywhere when ultimate bankruptcy is regarded as certain, and the only question is how long it can be avoided. Since there exists a well-grounded conviction that many of our present resources must, sooner or later, come to an end, we grow resigned to the fact, and a resignation which is called into play late will, with no great difficulty, bear the stress of being called for soon, especially if both the soon and the late are beyond one's own individual life. Another very likely reason, is to be found in the fact that the dealings of man with man, when on a large scale, are carried on so uniformly in the way of mere competition, that we get reconciled to a struggle and its consequent waste as the normal state of things. Hence, it comes to pass that, when any people have a strictly limited supply of any commodity before them, they often attack it with little more forethought than a drove of pigs devouring their wash. Half is spilt or destroyed it may be, in getting at the other half. But there is some reason for such conduct, for no one of them would be much better off if he were to try to save any of the common supply, nor does he appreciably lose by recklessness and waste. For any one to be uncertain whether he will secure the fruits of his abstinence has a most powerful influence in inducing him to make the most of whatever there may be before him whilst he can. But if at the same time he sees that his abstinence is only leaving more of the common inheritance for others instead of doing him any lasting good, he must be a miracle of prudence if he does not soon become extremely indifferent about the future. If Londoners find that by sparing Ullswater they would only leave it for Manchester to drink, they will naturally scramble to find which can get it first, and they will feel none of the regret which either might have felt if it had been spared entirely but for them.

But from whatever causes this national short-sightedness arises, it nevertheless exists as a rather curious phenomenon. It does seem strange that a nation which is in the habit of priding itself upon eight centuries of uninterrupted historical and constitutional identity in the past, and which often talks vaguely about indefinite ages of power and glory to come, should, when confronted with definite and not very remote contingencies, almost refuse to contemplate them in any practical way.

POTBOILERS.

THE individual who could retire to bed at night, hidden by the congenial obscurity that shrouds the great unknown, and who could yet awake in the morning to find himself famous, would be but an abnormal specimen of humanity if he rested content with his new-born reputation, and did not take some steps to convert his empty fame into solid pudding and substantial reward. The generality of people awake in a morning only to find themselves the same little nobodies that they were on the previous day; Fame does not trouble itself about them. There are, too, children of genius who waste their sweetness on the desert air, being, as it were, exhaled—sinking in the gulf profound and passing out of sight, unknown to fame. There are others to whom fame comes only when they have ceased to care for it; they ask their fellow-men for bread, but the answer to their petition is reserved for posterity to make in the shape of a monumental memorial of stone. And there are others whose genius may be fully recognised during their lifetime, but whose fame is of so sterile a nature that it scarcely enables them to keep body and soul together. Such persons, if they are wise, and are not too clever to be blind to their own interests, should betake themselves to the occasional production of potboilers; that is to say, they should produce or manufacture such specimens of their peculiar art as may possess a certain marketable value and can readily be converted into current coin of the realm. If the bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, then, certainly, the five-pound note that can be handled and spent is worth the note of double value whose possession is, at the best, prospective, and is most probably doubtful.

The production of an epic poem, a five-act tragedy, a history, dictionary, encyclopaedia, cartoon, classical picture, or statuary group, cannot, without serious detriment to the perfect finish of the whole, be so hurried that its progress to completion must be regulated and governed by the ordinary wants and bodily needs of the worker. And yet, while the work is in hand, its author must exist, if not for his own sake, at least for that of his work; and, if fortune has not placed him in independent circumstances, he must suffer the imaginative fancies of his brain to be rudely jarred and hustled by the material necessities of his body. The stately march of the epic poem must be stayed while the homely and terribly real butcher and baker pass across it at painfully acute angles; the death-throes of the tragedy hero must be postponed until the more pressing matter of the leg of mutton for to-morrow's dinner has been settled; the painting on the historical canvas of the monarch's gorgeous robes must be suspended until that troublesome tailor has been persuaded to send home the new pair of trousers. Hogarth's distressed poet could produce verses, but not the wherewithal to pay his milk-bill; and poor Triplet could dictate the profusion of delicacies for his scenic banquet, and be destitute of a crust for himself and his starving wife. Many pitiful mundane matters must, in truth, thrust themselves into undue prominence before various great and noble creations of art and fancy can have their perfected being. And, in all such cases, the author, artist, or craftsman—the *auctor*, in short—if he desires to carry out his project to a successful issue, and to act in a straightforward, sensible, and honest fashion, will condescend to the production of potboilers. In order to honestly gain by his own exertions the necessary supplies of daily existence for himself and those who are dependent upon him, he will write, paint, construct, or work out such things as may be mere stop-gaps, *pro tem.* productions—in a word, potboilers. But for these there is a due and assigned place; and, in helping to provide them, he is assisting to supply a public need, and to bring into the market articles for which there is a regular demand. It is honest labour, and should not therefore carry with it any feeling of shame or degradation. Although the production may be nothing more than a potboiler, yet it will bear the impress of its author's hand and style, and will be marked by some of the minor characteristics of the master, even if it be not distinguished by his best excellences.

It was Byron who spoke of awaking to find himself famous; though, we believe, that he did not originate the phrase; and, although by birth and position he was rendered tolerably independent of the manufacture of potboilers, yet he certainly turned his fame to practical account, and, even in his brief lifetime, could pretty accurately gauge it by its pecuniary results. In his diary, he says that he realized what fame was when he read a murder case, in which it was stated that the suspected gipsy woman had purchased some bacon and other things which had been wrapped by the grocer in pages of Richardson's "Pamela." And, thinking of this waste-paper use of the novel, he wrote, in "Don Juan," that the end of

fame was "but to fill a certain portion of uncertain paper;" for that paper might find its way to the buttermen or trunk-maker. The £15,000 paid by Mr. Murray for the copyright of his poems was alone sufficient to prove that, although Byron may have soared above the region of potboilers, yet, that when he awoke one morning to find himself famous, he did not neglect to look after and pocket those substantial results that rewarded his labours and genius. With Milton, fame was for posterity and immortality, and was not to be sullied with present and possible acquisitions of money. For seven years he could gladly "scorn delights and live laborious days," contented, at the end of it, to accept the five pounds that paid for his Jacob-servitude of love, knowing that the sum did not represent the worth of his epic, but that it purchased the passport that should place it before the public in a printed shape. And when, two years afterwards, "Paradise Lost" was given to the world, the poet knew that, although he had been paid for it at the price of a potboiler, he had made himself famous, even if he had never written another line. Fortunately for his serenity of mind, his private circumstances did not resemble those of the gifted artist Barry, who, with large ideas and larger aspirations, hoped to secure a deathless fame, and was compelled to work by day for the dealers, in order that he might sit up at night to paint for posterity. He was supported by potboilers, which kept him from sinking in the deep waters of adversity, much in the same way that corks and bladders buoy the swimmer.

It is the fashion to sneer at potboilers, and to regard them as unworthy makeshifts and beggarly expedients, and the last resorts of desperate necessity wherewith to keep the wolf from the door. And, to a certain extent, this postulate might be granted. Yet, they very respectably and usefully fill a place that would be a sad void without them; and there are, probably, but few distinguished writers and painters who have not, at some period of their lives, if not all through their career, given themselves, more or less, to the production of potboilers. Witty Dr. Donne said, "to be a gentleman does not depend on the tailor or the toilet; good clothes are not good habits;" and a man is none the less worthy to bear the "grand old name of gentleman," when, by the sweat of his brain, he is earning the means of livelihood not only for himself, but—which may be the great spur to his exertions—for his wife and children; although his work may chiefly consist in the production of nothing greater or grander than mere potboilers. To keep the dreadful wolf from the door, more especially when wife and children are housed within, is alike a task and a duty, and a deed that demands the exercise of manly courage and devotedness. He may wear patched clothes and have pinched cheeks, and may have been born without a silver spoon in his mouth, and, as the country saying runs, "under a twopenny planet;" but the poverty of the producer of the potboiler does not necessarily include poorness in his production, for it is under the sharp goad of distress that a man is not unfrequently driven to the achievement of his best work. If poverty sometimes makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, it also endows us with valuable potboilers; and thus the gracious law of compensation works out its equitable measure to poor humanity. What wondrously good potboilers were those that the thrifless, shiftless author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" produced; they possess the true Goldsmith brand, the best hall-mark. Indeed, "The Vicar" itself might be regarded as a veritable potboiler; for did not its creator sell it to the bookseller, Newberry, for sixty guineas, to stave off a pressing debt? a scene which Mr. E. M. Ward and his engraver have made familiar to thousands; as also that other variety of Goldsmith's potboilers when they took the form of flute-playing for his night's board and lodging, "with tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire," the original of his own George Primrose, who, when on his way to teach the Dutchmen English, had recourse to similarly extemporized potboilers. Poor "Goldy!" although he "wrote like an angel," we yet see him perpetually engaged in the production of potboilers,—now in the shape of four volumes of a History of England, now in two volumes of a History of Greece, now in a History of Animated Nature, a work incomplete in all but its charm and interest, but delightful in all, and Goldsmith all over and in every line, whether writing "for love" or working merely as a bookseller's hack. Dr. Johnson, who was also another illustrious producer of potboilers of the very highest quality, ranked dictionary-makers among those harmless drudges who were presumed to be the chief population of Grub-street. But, although Grub-street is now lost in Milton-street, yet the producers of potboilers still remain. As Goldsmith himself said, every one cannot be a mere "holiday writer;" and there must ever be those to whom can be confided the necessary hewing of

literary wood and drawing of artistic water, the performers of the task-work, whose recompense is the scantily-met out, but prompt, pay. Rousseau could bend himself to the daily drudgery of copying out music for the publishers, so that he might obtain a scanty means of livelihood that would enable him to devote his nights to the cultivation of his art. Bunyan, in his long imprisonment in Bedford gaol, supported his wife and children by making tagged laces the while he worked for the world and posterity at his "Pilgrim's Progress." The young Murillo lived from hand to mouth by painting on fragments of canvas saints, landscapes, and flowers, and such things as the country people would purchase for a mere trifle. Poussin, too, at Rome, painted battle-pieces and prophets, selling them for a few crowns to supply his daily needs. For the same cause, Hogarth at one period of his career produced many engravings and small "conversation pieces;" "Gavarni" (Sulpice Paul Chevalier) in his pre-*Charivari* period, designed the *débardeur* dress and other theatrical costumes, and did the tailoring illustrations to *La Mode*; the poet Thomson sold his "Winter" for three guineas; Crabbe, at the outset of his London career, and Thomas Hood, through the greater part of his life, produced potboilers destined not to be forgotten; and Coleridge, for the same pressing needs, could lecture, write for booksellers, watch over the *Watchman*, and edit the *Morning Post*. But, although potboilers are primarily "made to sell," yet they must not be classed with such deceits as the goods of Peter Pindar's razor-seller. Sometimes, indeed, they suffer degradation by being associated with extravagance and irregularities; as with Otway, the dramatist, and Morland, the artist, who painted his famous black bull and many other signs, not so much with reference to the domestic *pot à feu* as for the tavern pot of beer. Such paintings, nevertheless, were as true indications of his genius and dexterity as were the signboards painted by Hogarth, Wilson, Ibbetson, Harlow, Crome, Sir Charles Ross, Sir Wm. Beechey, David Roberts, David Cox, and that Phillip "of Spain" whom we are now deplored. All these, in their turns, were producers of pot-boilers. When Dick Tinto had exhausted his Gansdercleugh subjects by the portrait of his landlord "grouped with his wife and daughters, in the style of Rubens," his halcyon days had come to an end, and he was compelled to put his talents at the landlord's service and to wipe off his score by painting the sign of the Wallace Head. And though, as soon as he had reached Edinburgh, his talents were discovered and appreciated and he received dinners and hints from several distinguished judges of the fine arts, yet, as his biographer observes, "Dick thought he needed cash more than criticism." It is to supply this need that potboilers exist, and that their production may not only be defended and justified, but urged and promoted.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS FOR QUIET FAMILIES.

THERE is a certain ingenious and innocent pastime much in favour with households, amongst whom cards are rigidly proscribed as an abomination and a snare, called, if our memory serves us rightly, by the highly edifying and decorous appellation of "Historical Characters." To the cavilling and superficial observer this virtuous recreation might not, perhaps, seem to differ very substantially from the profane amusement of whist. It is true Messrs. De la Rue & Co. have nothing whatever to do with it, and it involves no reference of any kind to clubs, spades, hearts, diamonds, and trumps. But the principle upon which both the vicious and the virtuous games are played are essentially the same; the only difference is, that, in the latter, instead of suits, the titles of various historical celebrities and their families are substituted, and the persons indulging in it are able to combine with the speculative skill of the tabooed pastime the solid advantage to be derived from an acquaintance with well-known names of history. It is, in fact, one of the many happy methods that have, of late years, been devised for supplying the scrupulous conscience with the piquant realities of worldly follies, while their ordinary titles are carefully kept in the background, and all vicious resemblances are judiciously ignored. Of its kind we are disposed to regard it as quite as good, and quite as typical as the religious novel. To fritter away one's time in reading of the loves and hates, the hopes and fears of a few abandoned worldlings is a highly unprofitable proceeding. But to devote oneself to the perusal of a book in which there is not a single chapter that does not contain a certain number of moral precepts and reflections, of references to Scriptural antitypes, and of remarks on the vanity of sublunary things in general, and which finally shows us how piety and humility in the heroine were crowned by a happy union with the indefatigable young rector, is a

very different matter. Love scenes in drawing-rooms, ball-room flirtations in the cool seclusions of conservatories and stair-cases are frivolous enough; but the amorous episodes in the history of the curate and his pet Sunday-school teacher or district visitor, may afford valuable food for thought to such as read, mark, learn, and digest in the proper frame of mind, as well as entertain the belief that human nature is infinitely more spiritual in the neighbourhood of the rectory than of the hall. It was but the other day that the newspapers told us of some clergyman who refused to admit any of Mr. Dickens' works into his village library: but we have no doubt that on the shelves from which "Pickwick" was ignominiously excluded, the writings of Miss Sewell occupied an honourable place.

Just lately, too, we have heard a good deal of what may be done, and what may not be done on Sunday, and a variety of doubtless excellent reasons have been alleged why some thirsty souls should, and others should not be privileged to satisfy their craving for beer upon that day. Disputes about Sabbatarian observances and obligations are at least as old as the days of the Mosaic ritual. Nor can it be said that they have yet lost anything of their ferocity; or that if the Sabbatarian ceremonial accepted in certain quarters in our own time differs materially from that delegated to the Hebrew lawgiver, its stringency has for that reason become relaxed. There are people who profess to be quite as orthodox now as they ever can have been four thousand years ago, and who are probably a great deal more inconsistent. Most Englishmen, we suppose, will have had experience of these, and must, at some time or other, have been constrained to pass one or two Sundays amidst circumstances of a trying perplexity. They will have found themselves for ever trespassing upon forbidden ground, perpetually doing forbidden acts, and constantly and unconsciously recurring to forbidden themes. It was exceedingly profane to discuss at dinner the architecture of the manor; but no topic could be more eligible than the parsonage or the church. The oratorical power which the squire might have displayed at any rustic meeting will have been voted utterly out of keeping with the sanctity of the day; but the charming elocution of the officiating ecclesiastic when he read the Lessons or preached his sermon, will have been not only an appropriate but an instructive theme. In the same way, it will have been regarded as an act of superfluous sinfulness to have taken a moderate constitutional of one or two miles, without any very definite aim except a fulfilment of the laws of physical health; while to have shirked the regulation tramp to church, however uncongenial the atmosphere and however rainy the skies, will have been looked upon as indicative of a steady progress down the broad and crooked path.

But if, in the midst of such scenes as these, it is difficult to order one's goings so that one's footsteps do not trip, even during the comparative liberty of daytime, what is to be done when the Sabbath evening lamp is lighted, and the scrupulous household once again assembles, bored with an amount of Sabbatarian *ennui* which long custom cannot even suppress? There are newspapers in the library; there is the last batch from Mudie's; there is bagatelle in the dining-room. In the drawing-room itself there are means for the provision of backgammon and chess. But all these are esteemed as if they were out. The conversation flags, and what is to be done? Sunday-schools are interesting themes enough; but Sunday-schools have their limits. Even the sermons of the day at last afford no scope for the most conventional chatter. The delights of the parson are fairly run to ground, and the piano has issued its last remonstrances against the tortures of promiscuous and clumsily-executed hymnology. There is something, however, which still remains. Every evil, philosophy teaches us, has its attendant good; and more than one clever device has been invented by which the decorous monotony of the Sabbath evening may be varied, if not dispelled. If games of ordinary secular ingenuity may not be indulged in, there are at any rate certain pastimes of a highly religious tinge which happily afford the same diversion as the more profane amusement. It may be highly unreasonable to ask where the village carpenter is in the habit of hitting the various nails which from time to time he may use; but the precise point upon which Noah concentrated his attack in the case of the first nail inserted into the Ark is a very different question. It would be altogether improper to endeavour to pose your neighbour with some query as to the respective continents upon which Sestos and Abydos stand; but what could be more in accordance with the sanctity of the day than to try to puzzle him with the exact situation or names of the various cities of refuge, or the particular route selected by St. Paul in the course of his different voyages. It is true that it might be said by

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those who are inclined to indulge in a carping and captious humour that the exercise gone through in either case is precisely the same; and whatever the reply happens to be it is a matter of perfect indifference. But the case which we will now mention will have the effect of illustrating the point of our remarks better. If we are not mistaken, there is a game which consists in discovering the particular name which a certain number of letters of the alphabet, given to the player in a state of indiscriminate confusion, spells. The pastime is not, perhaps, destitute of some amount of mild excitement, or equally mild ingenuity; and it may boast the unspeakable advantage of possessing the capacity of being moulded, by a little judicious manipulation, into a recreation suitable for the severest exigencies of Sabbatarianism. The particular word which the week-day player is required to spell may be Pericles or Richard; but if that word be changed to Samuel or Moses it might seem hard to deny that the question had at once lost its secular character, and had risen to the dignity of a spiritual diversion. We all of us know very well that Pericles and Richard are appellations which Holy Writ ignores, while Moses and Samuel occur very frequently. If it were to be remarked by way of objection to this doctrine that most words in commonest every-day use occur in Biblical as well as profane literature, the obvious reply would be that these have not such distinctive associations attached to them.

There are few characters which Thackeray could delineate better than those of elderly and respectable gentlemen who were always craving for the prurient anecdotes which elicited the undisguised delight of openly dissolute parties. We cannot read any one of his novels without coming perpetually across these venerable hypocrites of the smoking-room. As for themselves, they say nothing at which the most scrupulous could object, or at most nothing which is not susceptible of some saving *double entendre*; but they drink in with greedy ears every suggestive and significant sentence which they can hear across the room. What these dimly-heard but delightfully-naughty murmurs are to the respectable fogies of the author of "Vanity Fair," the various methods of beguiling a day of traditional religious dulness that we have here alluded to, are to those persons and families who are in the habit of practising them. Nothing is easier than self-delusion; and to persons holding certain tenets nothing is more comforting than the rigid observance of austere appearance, provided only some ingenious trickery can be found to elude plausibly the reality.

KING CAUCUS.

SOME people imagine that the American Congress, where so much license and even violence is tolerated, is a free assembly. De Tocqueville long ago pointed out the fallacy of such a supposition, and analysed the various causes which must always tend to check liberty of speech and action in such an assembly, even although, as far as freedom is allowed, it may take the form of unlimited license. But the American Congress is, in fact, dominated over by King Caucus.

The *Times* correspondent at Washington gives us some insight into the rule of King Caucus. The minority, it appears, are just now systematically edged out of every discussion. The Democratic party, of which the minority consists, comprises a considerable number of mediocre men, among whom we should be disposed to reckon Mr. John Morrissey, the distinguished ex-pugilist, and present faro gambler—but it also contains a few men of considerable ability and of high character; no sooner, however, does one of this unfortunate party rise to address the Assembly, than the rash intruder is informed that some other member (of the Republican party) is entitled to the floor of the House for an hour, and that he has moved the "previous question," and thereby the sun is, as it were, made to stand still for the behoof of the majority. The only chance for the minority is on "speech days," when there is no one present to listen, when the Speaker is busy with his private correspondence, and when no motion can be made. At such times the zealous Democrat can do neither good nor harm, and is therefore allowed to spout hot or cold as he pleases. This system is the result of the measures taken by the majority in their private "caucus;" the instrument by means of which they operate is the "previous question."

Such a state of things is sufficiently significant. It is, in fact, to be attributed to the weakness of the minority in consequence of the exclusion of the South from representation; but it is clear that whenever it happened that a minority was small enough to be disregarded in practice its voice could

never be heard. The speeches are, indeed, printed in the Congressional *Globe*, and form, no doubt, an interesting volume of rejected addresses; but this is a poor substitute for the privileges of free speech, and, of course, these printed lucubrations are also disregarded. This systematic suppression of free speech and liberty of action is certainly a singular result of democratic institutions, for it is, as we have said, by no means wholly due to the insufficient representation of the minority, though that circumstance aggravates the mischief; it is rather a form of the tyranny of the majority, not indeed in excluding their opponents from representation, but in contriving to render such representation almost a nullity. Such a result appears to outsiders to be a violation of all rules of fairness, and to be based on a sentiment similar to that of the honourable member in the "Biglow Papers," who says,—

"Human rights hain't no more
Right to come on this floor;
No more's the man in the moon."

It was reckoned a strong argument in favour of the cumulative vote that the minority would, at least, be heard, and that a useful variety of opinions would find expression in Parliament; and this is one great argument for all representation of minorities. The best argument is, perhaps, that the minority would always be large enough to command a certain degree of respect in practice; but if the extension of the franchise operated in the same way here as in America, it would appear that a minority would have little power to check the majority in the way of Parliamentary discussion, but that its influence would be restricted to that due to the weight it might possess as being the actual embodiment and representation of an opposing sentiment in the country, which might otherwise be disregarded, or be supposed not to exist. The influence thus exerted might be very important; and there is one consideration which may, in some measure reassure us, and that is, that the habit of fair play and free speech which we have inherited is, after all, the great and important force in determining what shall be the effect of any given system of government; and unless the habit itself decayed under the temptations to oppression presented by overwhelming power, we might, even with the caucus in operation, hope to maintain freedom of speech and action. That the possession of unquestioned preponderance has a tendency to corrupt the habit of fairness is manifest, and we have instances in such organizations as trades' unions.

When there is a great variety of opinion actually existing, every one must be tolerant of his neighbour's difference of sentiment; but when the opinions of the vast majority are similar, the opposition of the minority is apt to be regarded as more purely factious, and to be looked upon as deserving to be put down with some degree of violence if necessary. Besides, the assimilation of opinions, which appears to be a result of democracy, by producing almost complete uniformity of sentiment in members of the same party, removes all opportunity for exercising forbearance towards those who, agreeing in the main, yet exercise an independent judgment, and differ perhaps on some important points.

It would appear that freedom of speech in a legislative assembly will depend chiefly upon the importance of the functions of the assembly in the government of the country. When all power centred in the king, who was responsible only to God, and was "every inch a king," Parliamentary discussion was at its minimum; then, as the people grasped part of the power, and the responsibility to the king became consequently diminished, discussion was increased; but as this power was represented by and centred in the House of Commons, an assembly of very various composition, it became all-important to gain the ear of the House; and when this branch of the Legislature practically absorbed the rest, Parliamentary oratory was at its maximum. However, as democracy progresses, responsibility is again shifted to the new king; the mass of the nation outside the House require to be persuaded, and Parliamentary debating again falls to its minimum. Mrs. Browning says of the last consummation, when the people have again transferred their power to a king responsible to themselves,—

"If at last she sighs
Her great soul up into a great man's face,
To flush his temples out so gloriously,
That few dare carp at Caesar for being bald."

True!—and yet Caesar may be bald nevertheless.

It is very necessary to preserve this English habit of fair play, of punishing no man for his opinions, and of giving free public expression to all sentiments that are not immoral or infamous. In order to secure the permanence of this habit, however, it is very necessary to exercise it vigorously by inde-

pendent and courageous habits of mind; these tend to produce variety, and variety preserves independence. The two habits act and re-act, and indeed are to a great extent based upon the same foundation.

With regard, however, to the caucus, we have always had specimens of it in one form or another. The cabals of Courts or Parliaments—these were intended to secure the ear of the monarch and to exclude opponents. The Tobacco Parliament of Friedrich Wilhelm I., as described by Carlyle, was a caucus of which the manifestations were Grumkow and Seckendorf. Then, again, in the French Revolution the Jacobin Club was, during the greater part of the Reign of Terror, the caucus which dictated to the National Convention, and the debates in the Convention were of comparatively little importance. A king's favourite or a queen's minion, when such things were, exercised similar power; and, in short, any person or party which, without legal recognition, assumes the power of suppressing its opponents, virtually performs the functions of King Caucus as he rules in America at the present time. King Caucus is like that other king who sits, antic fashion, within the hollow crown of the fancied ruler and keeps his court there, and allows its wearer to rule only by sufferance.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE most important utterances in the North German Parliament during the last few days have had reference to the rumoured cession of Luxembourg to France—undoubtedly a very important subject, since it involves the possibility of a European war; but, as we have considered it in a separate paper, we may here pass on to other matters. The debates on the draft of the constitution have been continued with great perseverance and no little spirit; and, although in the main the Government scheme has been ratified, some useful amendments have been carried. Thus it has been determined that the elections to Parliament shall take place by secret voting, and that no responsibility shall be incurred by the publication of correct reports of the public sittings. Count Bismarck frets a little at these signs of opposition. On one occasion he excused himself for having used some strong language by saying that he had lost his health in a five years' contest to attain what has now been attained, adding, "You do not know in what manner your opposition may affect my political action. You are not acquainted with my struggles, nor with the general political situation, and you do not know how difficult it is at present to treat with foreign Governments when one is not certain of the support of Parliament." This appeal *ad misericordiam* from an almost despotic Minister has an odd character of involuntary frankness about it; but it may answer the Count's purpose. A still more remarkable speech of Bismarck's is that in which he championed universal suffrage as a necessity of the new state of things. "I know nothing more absurd or more pitiful," he said, amidst loud cheers, "than the Prussian law which sanctions election by classes and by indirect suffrage, caprice and harshness accompanying the tax-rated suffrage. It would not be prudent to combine the right to the suffrage with social or class distinctions. Indirect suffrage alters the expression of public opinion; direct and universal suffrage will introduce talent into Parliament." Strongly centralized Governments on a democratic basis are what events on the Continent are evidently tending to. The great success of the French Empire has set a certain fashion, which, however, is not merely fashion, but the natural result of antecedent causes lying deep in the development of European civilization.

Poor Slesvig does not seem at all likely to get the justice which was promised her. We hear no more of the vote which was to determine whether the North Slesvigers would like to remain subjects of Prussia, or would prefer to resume their former allegiance to Denmark, with which country it may be reasonably supposed they have a natural affinity, they themselves being for the most part Danes. Herr Kryger, a Dane, brought forward an amendment in the North German Parliament on Wednesday, proposing that liability to military service should not be extended to the northern districts of Slesvig until those districts had voted with regard to their future destiny; but all he could get from Count Bismarck was a reminder that the North Slesvigers are Prussians, and must submit to Prussian laws until a vote has been taken in the North Slesvig districts. As to when that vote is to be, we learn nothing whatever.

THE correspondent of the *Star*, in his letter of Tuesday, tells us that among the fashionable novelties in ladies' dress appropriated to the opening of the Exposition is a new colour, a pale orange tint, called "*Bismarck en colère*." The Parisians have a happy knack of turning the tables on their enemies with a *bon mot*; but in this epigram there seems to be more temper than truth or wit. The Count, petted by King and Chamber, triumphant over all obstacles and ready for a row, had never more reason to be in good humour. And what shall we say of the Wurtemburg treaties, the Military Bill, and the Luxembourg entanglement? If any one should be *en colère*, it is certainly not Bismarck.

CERTAIN priests at Naples having been excommunicated, and being therefore excluded from all the churches, have established an Oratory in which they meet for prayer. The Emancipation Society have issued a manifesto on this subject, in which they contend that what they have done is "in full accord with the canons of the primitive Catholic Church, its traditions, and even its dogmatical statements." They recognise the orders of the hierarchy of the Church as of Divine origin, and admit that "the Bishop of Rome" exercises a legitimate primacy; but they characterize as tyranny their exclusion from the churches, and assert that they are acting in harmony with ecclesiastical law in raising an altar within the walls of their own houses, "as the primitive Christians did." With reference to this subject, the *Libertà Cattolica* speaks of the members of the Emancipation Society as "those who presume to reform the Church in Italy on the basis of emancipating it from Pope Pius IX., and subjecting it to the Queen of England, the Popess of the Anglican sect." Certainly, the obstinacy of the Pope is leading to a serious schism in Italy.

THE Ministerial crisis in Italy which has been impending for a long while has at length come. Baron Ricasoli and his colleagues have placed their resignation in the hands of the King, and in a day or two we may expect to hear of a new Ministry having been formed. Rattazzi will now have an opportunity for retrieving his past, if (as seems probable) he should be the statesman "sent for" in the emergency. Ricasoli's rule has been trembling for some time past, and the country cries for a Government at once strong, liberal, and progressive.

FRANCE, Russia, Italy, and Austria, are said to have proposed a vote by universal suffrage by the Cretans, to determine whether they will live under the Turkish flag or unite themselves to Greece, or exist as a separate State. Turkey, however, seems not at all inclined to listen to such projects, and it is as little likely to regard with any favour the petition of some Bulgarians, who have been civilly demanding autonomy for their not very illustrious State.

THE opening of the Paris Exhibition was a very dull affair, and the absence of the young Prince was felt as a species of shadow. Not that the young Napoleon is much in himself; but his illness appears to be more obstinate than was at first anticipated. Now, also, the Empress is unwell; and Parisians are particularly liable to be depressed by these influences. As yet, the prospects of the Exhibition do not look brilliant.

CONGRESS has adjourned till the 2nd of December, and for the next few months President Johnson is to feel suspended over his head the threat of an impeachment. The new Judiciary Committee is to make its report on July 3rd, and it is thought that the nature of that report will depend on the conduct of Mr. Johnson. If he carries out the Reconstruction Act frankly and ungrudgingly, and treads the path which the victorious Republicans have prescribed for him, he will probably be "let off," as schoolboys say; but if he endeavours to oppose the policy of Congress, or to evade its arrangements, the impeachment is to be proceeded with—that is to say, of course, provided the Judiciary Committee find sufficient grounds for such an act. In the latter case, Congress will at once assemble to carry out the recommendation of the Committee. But there seems to be a probability that things will take a more amicable form, and that consequently there will be no summer session. The President has shown himself more complaisant than was expected in the matter of the Reconstruction Bill, and the *New York Nation* says that the prospects of reconstruction never looked so bright before. It acknowledges that there appears to be no disposition on the

President's part to frustrate or shirk the execution of the Congressional scheme; and it adds that "there are abundant indications that the new Act, and the restoration of military protection under it, are facilitating the formation of a real Union party in every State in the South, of which the negroes will form a strong and valuable portion, as there seems no reason to doubt that they know their friends, and are as capable of party discipline as any other set of men." In the meanwhile, however, the extreme Radicals in Congress are doing a mischief by their fanaticism. Mr. Sumner recently proposed to confiscate Southern lands in order to give a homestead to each freedman; while the proposal to grant money to the starving whites in the South (among whom the distress is truly frightful) was met by some members of the House of Representatives with shocking taunts and heartless comments. The Senate, however, rejected Mr. Sumner's proposal by a large majority, and the people of the North are making liberal subscriptions in aid of the perishing Southerners.

An interesting discussion was raised in the House of Commons on Tuesday, upon a resolution moved by Mr. Crawford, "that in cases where adequate security can be given, the State should assume the responsibility of the debenture debt of railway companies unable to meet their engagements, upon conditions providing for the eventual acquisition of such railways by the State upon terms of mutual advantage to the State and to the railway companies." Mr. Crawford's plan is that, upon a judgment of law being given against a railway company, the Government should have power to guarantee the principal and interest of the debenture debt, issuing in lieu of debentures a State obligation running for the term of fifty years—to be the first charge on the receipts of the line after the payment of working expenses, the nature of which should be strictly defined; Government having a veto on all matters involving expenditure on capital account, but without power over the working of the line; the interest to be met by weekly or monthly payments by the companies into the Bank of England, and the formation of a sinking fund. In return, the companies would surrender the freehold of their lines, receiving a Parliamentary lease for ninety-nine years, subject to the State's re-entry at a shorter period under certain conditions. Mr. Crawford ultimately withdrew his motion, which, though it had the misfortune to develop a plan far in advance of the intelligence of the House upon the subject, and was so far premature, opened up a wide field for useful discussion.

LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON's championship of the Orange nuisance is not of recent origin. So far back as 1835, his Orangeism caused the then Lord-Lieutenant of the county Tyrone to hesitate before recommending Lord Claude for the commission of the peace. At the end of the Blue-book on Orangeism is a letter of the Earl of Caledon to the Irish secretary, detailing how "Lord Claude Hamilton was initiated into the Orange Society, was decorated with Orange emblems, and was publicly chaired through the town" of Dungannon. The Earl's representation to the Castle of the "conflicting considerations" which moved him is amusing. The "rank and station" of Lord Claude, who was then lately elected member for the county of Tyrone carried the day, and Lord Claude became a J.P., with the full assent of Sir Henry Hardinge, who judged it "expedient not to withhold the commission of the peace."

It shows how slowly religious prejudices wear out when we find even members of the House of Commons rising to profess their pride that they belong to the Society of Orangemen. Englishmen had hoped that all persons of education had become convinced that the society had long outlived its utility, and the only influence it could now exercise must be baneful to the best interests of Ireland. If we may judge, however, by a quotation from a speech of Justice Keogh's before the grand jury of Tyrone, the Orange bigotry is very active in high places in that county, and when an Orange procession has an encounter with a party of Roman Catholics, the Orangemen, though the originators of the riot, escape, and the Roman Catholics are brought to justice. Mr. Keogh's administration of justice during the twelve years he has been a judge has been equally acceptable to all parties, and when he complains from the Bench that the real parties in a breach of the peace had been kept back, and that it would be his duty to bring the facts of the case under the notice of the Lord Chancellor, the case must be very gross indeed. That, however, was no reason why Sir John Gray should, in calling attention to the judge's speech, travel into the past iniquities of the Orange Society.

By doing so he defeated a good cause, wearied the House, and provoked its resentment. His taking action in the matter at all was premature, for, from what Lord Naas said, Mr. Justice Keogh has not yet brought the case before the Lord Chancellor; and Ministers pledge themselves that when he does they will inquire strictly into it.

If religious bigotry is still rife in the North of Ireland, we have only to read the debate last week in the House of Lords upon the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, to see what vast strides we in England have made towards a better and a wiser spirit. Even those peers who voted for it at the time of its passing have no wish to see it remain upon the statute-book. Lord Derby, indeed, doubted whether it would be prudent at present to attempt to repeal it, but was "happy to admit" that it had proved a dead letter. "I should greatly regret," he added, "if this question, which at present excites no feeling at all, should be made an occasion for bitterness and acrimony, which I am most anxious to see disappear altogether between the two communions."

THE decision of the committee which sat on the Waterford election is calculated to effect some good in Ireland, notwithstanding what the *Times* says to the contrary. The action of the popular party was simply the effect of Tory fears, and the result of a traditional practice of calling out the military to support the unpopular candidate. This system invariably produces a bad state of feeling, and in Waterford, where political sensibilities are supposed to be delicate, the appearance of the soldiery guarding Conservative voters affected with considerable force the Liberal sympathies of Mr. Delapoor's friends. There is little doubt also that the landlords on the other side drove their unwilling tenants to the booths, and that the latter had in many instances no objection whatever to be "rescued" or "attacked." Irish electioneering manoeuvres are of so subtle a character that a petition is frequently contemplated as the ultimate feature of a stout contest, and the candidate who sees his defeat in the distance not unfrequently prepares for the final event by provoking as good a case for himself as he can.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON has made a further concession to the opponents of flogging in the army, and retains that punishment, in time of peace, only for the two offences of mutiny and aggravated insubordination, discarding the division of the army into first and second classes, and rendering soldiers of both classes liable to the lash. Mr. Otway has given notice that he will renew his opposition to this form of punishment next year; and he will probably succeed in the end. Whatever may be said in favour of flogging on grounds of expediency, there can be no doubt that it is abhorrent to all notions of dignity and humanity.

WITH more satire than was becoming in a recent colleague, Lord Cranborne reminded Lord Stanley on Monday that on a previous night he had said that Government would introduce a Reform Bill by which they would stand or fall, and—after a statement from Mr. Disraeli that Government would abandon the dual vote, and reserve the other controversial points for solution in committee—asked him which were the provisions of the Bill by which they would stand or fall. Government, no doubt, have shown great capacity for bending; but, considering how nearly they were falling in their efforts to stand by Lord Cranborne, the taunt came from his lordship with an exceedingly bad grace.

THE Rev. Mr. Girdlestone, Canon of Bristol and Vicar of Halberton, has discovered a method of raising the wages of agricultural labourers which deserves to be mentioned. In Halberton and other parts of Devon, the rate last autumn was seven or eight shillings a week, out of which house-rent, fuel, food, clothing, and medical attendance had to be provided for the labourer and his family. Mr. Girdlestone's plan is to help the labourers to migrate to parts of the country where better wages are paid. He writes to the *Times*, and says:—"In six months I have sent out of Halberton and the neighbourhood fifty agricultural labourers to follow their own vocation in better paid districts. Of these sixteen are married men, with families, the remainder young single men. The married men are earning—none less than 12s., some as much as £1 per week. All have house and garden rent-free, and some fuel and even furnished houses. The single men mostly have board, lodging,

washing, and mending in the farmhouse, and 6s. and 6s. 6d. a week." Another result of this migration is that wages in Halberton and its neighbourhood have risen 1s. and in some places 2s. a week, while the truck system has by the same means received a fatal blow. Mr. Girdlestone, it is true, has incurred the anger of the Halberton farmers by his zeal. They have refused him a Church-rate, and pass him and his wife and daughters unnoticed, while some of them have even gone over to Methodism to show their spite. But he is so little moved by all this that he urges the formation of an Agricultural Labourers' Union, to do for all England what he has done for Halberton.

THE House of Commons has agreed to a resolution that the employment of women and children in agriculture should be regulated as far as may be by the principles of the Factory Acts. The resolution was based on the report of the Commissioners on the system of public agricultural gangs, and the horrible immorality to which it leads. Mr. Walpole suggested that the Commission should be reappointed, with authority to inquire into the working of the private gangs, which are said to be quite as bad as the public ones, and that then the House would be in a position next session to legislate with regard to the employment of women and children in gangs of both kinds. But why not legislate upon the public gangs at once, and upon the private ones next session? In the former, between 6,000 and 7,000 persons are employed, of whom 1,636 are children under the age of thirteen. Boys and girls of six and seven years of age walk five or six miles to their work, and the same distance back. The mortality to body and soul is frightful.

MARRIED couples whose consciences have been disturbed by the controversy as to when the publication of banns should be made, will be gratified to learn that Government are considering whether it might not be possible to bring in a Bill to put an end to all doubts upon this subject. The Attorney-General says that he himself was in doubt as to the proper time for their publication, but admits that different views are entertained by persons well entitled to express an opinion with respect to it. Surely, it would not be difficult for Parliament to authorize their publication at either time.

DR. DIVERS, Lecturer on Natural Philosophy at Charing-cross Hospital, warns the public through the *Times* against chemical toys, most of which are either highly poisonous or dangerously combustible. "Thus," he writes, "'Pharaoh's Serpents,' composed of sulphocyanide of mercury, are highly poisonous, and during combustion evolve most noxious vapours. 'Larmes du Diable,' formed of metallic sodium, burn with great violence if they are either heated or moistened with water—in this respect exceeding phosphorus in danger—and scatter caustic alkali about the place when they are used as directed. 'Sunshine in Winter Evenings' and 'Fiery Swords,' formed of magnesium, are apt, in the hands of children, to cause nasty burns, through the rapidity of their combustion and the molten and white-hot particles they cast off. 'Sensation Cigarettes,' charged with gun cotton, project, when fired, very noxious vapours into the mouth; 'Will-o'-the-Wisp Paper,' 'Parlour Lightning,' 'Fireflies,' 'Aërial Glowworms,' &c., all formed of pyroxilin, or paper rendered explosive by the action of concentrated nitric and sulphuric acids, are highly inflammable and dangerous—the latest proof of which is the terrible accident last week at Mr. Laidlaw's workshop." As a means of educating children in the science of natural phenomena, Dr. Divers considers the use of chemical toys quite incommensurate with their danger.

MISS M. E. EDWARDS is a clever and graceful illustrator, but she has evidently not made up her mind altogether as to the figure of Mr. Trollope's hero in the "Claverings." For thirteen months she represents him without whiskers and moustache, but in the March number of the *Cornhill* he is presented to us with goodly specimens of what a penny-a-liner would call those "hirsute appendages." In the April number of the *Cornhill*, a vignette has given him his moustache but robbed him of his whiskers, though in the large plate, which is supposed to depict him as he appeared a few hours after, he has neither whiskers nor moustache. Is Miss Edwards of opinion that a hero has a right to command as well as to deserve a moustache and whiskers, and to put them on or off as he would his hat or top-coat?

DR. CUMMING has been once more assuming the prophet's mantle. He has published a book called "The Last Woe," in

which he says that the Jews are to be converted as a nation, and the Papacy is to be extinguished, between the autumnal equinox of 1867 and the same period of 1868. So that there is a good deal of work cut out for the next year and a half.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

IN spite of the great length of this term, University business would seem to have made little progress. It might have been supposed that the various Syndicates to whose care sundry important matters were committed last term, might have found ample time for consideration and discussion during these long nine weeks; but, notwithstanding such unusual opportunities, one Syndicate after another asks for a prolongation of the term of its existence, and for permission to defer its report. Thus the great question of St. Mary's organ, whatever the question may be, has proved too much for the deliberative powers of the gentlemen to whom it was intrusted; so has the greater question of the arrangement of the seats in St. Mary's, upon which so much depends that it seems doubtful whether the Syndicate will ever venture to make its report, unless it be at the end of the May term, when the individual members will have the opportunity of retiring beyond the reach of comment for the long vacation. What with angry masters of arts on one side and indignant ladies on the other, it is pretty certain that the report on this serious matter will either mean nothing and do nothing, or will excite a considerable storm for awhile. With more show of reason, the Classical Tripos Syndicate is having its existence prolonged and its report deferred, for interests of such magnitude are at stake in the decision this Syndicate may arrive at, that it will be well to ponder very carefully any new scheme that may be proposed. The one Syndicate which beyond all others ought to have taken care to arrive at a conclusion in accordance with the wishes of the University and the demands of the country, namely, the "reading prize" Syndicate, has stood to its report, and the Council proposed that this report should be adopted by the Senate, and the anonymous would-be donor be told that his offer is declined with thanks. The Senate, however, has accepted the prize by eighty-nine to forty-six votes, and has thus prevented the five men of the Syndicate, and the preponderating one or two who are understood to have ruled the determination of the Council, from carrying their point, and thus throwing away one of the best chances we have had for a long time of enlisting on our side something of the sympathy of a large class of Church of England people, who now abuse the old Universities for doing nothing directly to make the churches served by their *alumni* less painful places to pass an hour and a half or two hours in on Sunday mornings. It is curious that on the same grace-paper which contained this ungracious proposal to refuse the now famous forty pounds a year, is the copy of a petition to Parliament, setting forth that the University is so inseparably connected with the Church of England as to make the petitioners view with the utmost apprehension a "Bill to Repeal certain portions of the Act of Uniformity relating to Fellows of Colleges." This inseparable connection might have been equally urged as an argument for accepting the offered prize for good reading at all hazards, and at any rate endeavouring to perform the duty which the offer so plainly points. There is another petition to Parliament against the abolition of religious tests in connection with academical degrees and offices in the University. It is to be supposed that petitions do some good, but when a desire to reform something has taken possession of a man's mind, he ceases to think much of whether the something wishes for the reform. No doubt there are many men of mark in the University to whom these petitions are as great an abomination as the Bills against which they are directed are a delight, but the question has been fought out more than once of late years, and it has always proved that a clear majority of members of the Senate vote against this particular reform. It might be very possible for the enemies of the petitions to steal a vote by giving no notice of their intention to oppose the grace for signing the petition, but such a step is contrary to the etiquette observed with regard to *non-place*s.

The Classical Tripos list was read in the Senate House on Wednesday morning, in the presence of a very large body of undergraduates. There is generally more uncertainty about the places the best men in this examination will obtain, than in the Mathematical Tripos; and this year there were some severe disappointments, as well as a good many happy surprises. The Senior Classic now receives almost as great an ovation as the Senior Wrangler, and the two Tripodes appear to be held in nearly equal esteem; the numbers, however,

candidates have shown a larger disproportion this year than has been the case for some time, being respectively about 70 and 120.

The authorities seem to be becoming uneasy about the amount of license claimed by the undergraduates on the occasion of ordinary congregations. The former witticisms have given place now to a mere stupid noise, and that the proceedings at matter-of-fact congregations should be interrupted by the stamping of feet and the performance of cat-calls would be ridiculous if it were not so annoying. In the endeavour to put an end to this sort of thing all right-thinking persons will join, but there will be some opposition to any attempt to reduce the undergraduates to silence, and to prevent their interrupting the proceedings by occasional witticisms. The difficulty is where to draw the line, and a good many persons of experience seem to think that the line is best drawn by closed doors, as we understand is done in Oxford when degrees are conferred and graces passed on ordinary occasions. Such days as the Mathematical and Classical degree days, or the June poll-degree day, might in that case be recognised as opportunities for keeping up the old saturnalia. One very proper rule is for the future to be enforced, namely, that no undergraduate shall be admitted to the galleries of the Senate House without his academical dress. Under the present and late system of universal relaxation of discipline, it has come to pass that on certain occasions the galleries look more like the banks of the long reach than anything else, filled with men in boating straws and dress of all descriptions except the sober and the proper. If all the men wear their gowns, the tutors of colleges will be more able to detect their own men, and that seems to be the only means the University possesses of really keeping the galleries in awe, unless they are kept empty. The present vice-chancellor, who is very active in the performance of his duties, receives his share of the impertinences that will always be directed by young men who have been allowed too much of their own way against those who endeavour to bring about a better and more orderly state of things. Judicious treatment will be required, and some forbearance on all hands, if the effort now being made in the direction of a restoration of the ancient discipline is to be successful. Last week Professor Maurice received the unusual compliment of an honorary M.A. degree, for which the deputy orator, Mr. Holmes, presented him in a very happy speech. The University athletic sports chanced to be going on at the same time, so that the galleries were all but empty, and no sort of interruption was made. On the previous Thursday, when the Master of Trinity took his D.D. degree, the fates, or rather the managers of the athletics, were less auspicious, and so there were plenty of idle men about, and much improper noise occurred.

As an illustration of the necessity that existed for refusing to allow the inter-University sports to take place here, some Oxford men, who came over to witness our sports last Saturday, sallied forth about midnight with their Cambridge friends, and indulged in the fascinating sport of ringing doctors' door-bells. A policeman, who came up to spoil their sport, was promptly shown what athletes could do in the way of knocking down so absurd a person as a peace-officer. As the most romantic situations lead occasionally to a bathos, so the escapade of these high-spirited young gentlemen resulted in fines by the magistrates on Monday morning, and very nearly brought the chief athlete of the party into acquaintance with prison fare in the gaol. If a farmer's lad or a bargee had knocked a policeman down, the fifty shillings' fine might not have been so easily paid, and gaol would have been the consequence. A less objectionable development of the energy of our undergraduates has come by post from London to the tutors of colleges, postage not paid, in the shape of a fictitious grace-paper, a very close imitation of the original. "Placeat vobis," so one grace runs, "ut Dominus Procancellarius non plus quam natura jamdudum est ludibris habeatis." Another grace proposes that certain persons, Professor Kingsley and others, be appointed a Syndicate to further the improvement of steeple-chasing in the University. At the foot of the grace-paper is the following notice:—"Quibus concessis, Dominus Procancellarius in mente habet ad finem Curia vestibus circumcinctis tripudium saltare cui nomen Perfecta Cura."

A very handsome present has been made to the University within the last month. Mrs. Strickland, widow of the late Oxford Deputy Reader in Geology, and daughter of Sir W. Jardine, has given all her late husband's collection of birds' skins, amounting to upwards of a thousand, and as they are almost all of them specimens to which Sir W. Jardine and other ornithologists have referred in their writings, the present is one of great value.

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH AND FLEMISH PICTURES.

WHATEVER may be the comparative merits of modern English and foreign schools of painting, there can be little doubt that English taste is sufficiently catholic to appreciate each in its turn. The opening of the fourteenth annual exhibition in London of French and Flemish pictures is, in itself, ample evidence that a feeling for sound and good art has taken deep root in this country, and risen above that commonplace interest which was bestowed on *genre* subjects, and on the portraiture of such domestic incidents of national life as employed the brush of Wilkie a generation or two ago. After witnessing many remarkable vicissitudes both in regard to choice of theme and technical execution, the British *dilettanti* of our own day seem to have arrived at a conviction that, as art is long and life is short, they had better not limit their enjoyment of modern art to any one particular school or manner, but rather take each painter on his own ground, and judge him by that universal standard of excellence which is independent of petty distinctions, and by which we are enabled at once to measure the broad handling of Tintoret or Velasquez and the minute delicacy of Van Eyck, the saintly conception of Fra Angelico and the sensuous realisms of Rubens.

It is not, after all, our own school alone which is divided in its aim. In Germany, what can be more widely removed in sentiment than, for instance, the works of Kaulbach from the works of Steinle and Overbeck? The French and the Flemish schools differ no more widely as schools, than the followers of each school differ individually from each other. There is the naturalist, the purist, the idealist, the same hankering after the *motif* of early art, the same uncompromising adhesion to specialities which may be noted in our own academies. It must, however, be admitted that, in regard to technical qualities, there is a more homogeneous character in continental work than in our own. You may not always be able to recognise the influence of a foreign school over individual taste; but modes of execution are more easily referred to a common origin, and the most superficial amateur could hardly walk round the gallery which has just opened in Pall-mall, without feeling assured, independently of the evidence afforded by choice of subject, that he was not looking at specimens of English art.

The pictures themselves are not arranged on the walls in numerical order, nor are they grouped according to the subdivision of the catalogue, where the works of each master appear in regular sequence. This want of system causes some little trouble to the visitor, which might become seriously inconvenient in a larger exhibition. First on the printed list is a subject from classic life—"Tibullus at the House of Delia"—ably treated by Alma-Tadema, a pupil of Leys. The small but elegant boudoir of the fair hostess, classically decorated after that fashion which may still be recognised in the walls of Pompeii; the careful study of the furniture, costume, and accessories, together with the characteristic treatment of the figures, combine to make this picture, though somewhat messy in execution here and there, a very interesting one. A much larger, but far less agreeable work by the same artist, is "The Honeymoon,"—a Roman lover fondling his bride. The main treatment of this picture is perfectly free from objections which might have been raised to the conception of a less intellectual painter. It has not any trace of the voluptuous in an ordinary sense of the word. But there is a hard, almost brutal, sensuality in the features of the man, which, by very force of contrast, the pretty floral chaplet on his head seems to render more emphatic. The lady (whose *coiffure* by the way is painfully authentic) wears a still more repulsive expression, and has scarcely a feminine charm to recommend her. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, it cannot be denied that for its high artistic qualities and admirable execution, this picture has much which is attractive. Dress, flesh tones, still life, are all rendered with consummate skill and taste.

"The Authoress" (17) is a broad and powerful study of a girl seated at a writing desk, by C. Bisschop, a painter whose name is already known as the recipient of academical honours at Amsterdam. His similarly-decorated countryman, A. K. Bakker-Korf sends a very small, but characteristically treated little group of two figures—an old lady gossip, dressed in the frightful fashion of our grandmother's time, retailing "A Little Bit of Scandal" (19) to an invalid friend.

"The Signal" (28) is a good subject, poorly and conventionally handled by H. Campotosto. There are, however, portions of the picture and of his others, "The Young Twins" (27) and "Le jeu de l'Orca" (29), which display no small executive skill. The famous story of "Louis XVI. and the Locksmith" (34) supplies M. Caraud with the title of a very effective picture, which bears more resemblance to the English school than, perhaps, any other example in the gallery. His other work—(35) "Marie Antoinette in the Gardens of Le Petit Trianon"—is also clever, though somewhat stagy in conception. "The First Communion" (48), by Duverger, shares the fate which attends most pictures of a similar class. Whatever there may be of religious sentiment or interest in the scene is lost in the very fact of its portraiture. The uniformly serious and staid expression of the children at a time of life when the chief charm of expression consists in its transient variety, added to the natural difficulty of treating a mass of white drapery which can only be relieved by such violent accidents of colour as those which occur in the dress of the officiating priest and acolyte, make the whole subject an unfortunate one, though, we must say, the

artist has done his best with it. J. De Vriendt's "Return of the Crusader" (54) is an excellent example of that revived mediæval school which, no doubt, regards Baron Leys as its head. Guillebert de Lannoy, a warrior fresh from the Holy Land, is recounting his adventures to Isabella of Portugal, Duchess of Burgundy. To say that the Crusader looks more fit to wield a yard measure than the sword—to say that the lady is listening with as much attention to the stirring narrative as a schoolboy does to a charity sermon—would be to say that which, in our humble opinion, is no more than the truth. Yet it would nevertheless be absurd to deny that the picture exhibits talent of a high order. Apart from its wonderful resemblance to early Flemish art, it is painted with a delicacy and skill which is worthy of any age. The painting of the lady's dress is extraordinarily careful. It must have been copied thread by thread. Yet the whole picture is in perfect key, and not a single detail obscures itself unpleasantly. Utterly opposed in subject, execution, and sentiment, is the "Music Lesson" (58), by Gustave De Yonghe—a young mother, in modern dress, sitting at a nineteenth century piano, and playing to her child, who stands by listening. Simple both in choice of incident and treatment, this little work can hardly fail to attract attention by the broad and masterly touch which distinguishes it.

"Autumn Fruits" (59), the joint work of two artists, D. De Noter and P. Knarren, who have applied themselves with much ability and singleness of aim to paint a very agreeable picture, which, it should be explained, is not a mere study of still life, but includes the figure of a lady in a puce-coloured satin dress, excellent in tone and texture.

One of the "eye-pictures" of the gallery is Gerome's smoothly-painted and thoroughly French painting (82) of Molière at the table of Louis XIV. The king, so runs the story, "having heard that the officers of his household treated Molière with contempt, and refused to dine with him at the Comptroller's, made him sit one morning at his own table; and, while assisting him, thus addressed the assembled courtiers: 'Here am I, gentlemen, personally assisting Molière, whom the members of my household consider unfit for their companionship or society.'" The ostentatious condescension of the monarch was perhaps, on the whole, as offensive as the vulgar superciliousness of his dependents. The countenance of the great dramatist exhibits a calm indifference to both. Small as the figures are in this remarkable picture (of which the engraving has for some time past appeared in London print shops), every head has its individual character and expression; while the costume and other accessories are rendered with an attention to detail and historical accuracy which it would be impossible to surpass. In M. Hamman's "Presentation" (88), a Venetian grande of the sixteenth century introducing his daughter to a young and handsome cavalier, we are agreeably reminded of the manner of a well-known English painter—Calderon. For refined and delicate finish of detail there is perhaps no more remarkable picture in the room than Guillaume Koller's "Albert Durer receiving a Message from the Duchess of Parma" (93). There is on one of the figures a fur cloak, which is a perfect marvel of execution. It may, however, be well questioned whether such minute elaboration is not wasted on such subjects. "The Stirrup Cup" (94) is a much larger and more important picture, well painted in parts, but sadly out of key both in colour and chiaroscuro. M. Levy's "Idyll" (104), two Arcadian-looking children drinking at a garden fountain, belongs to a school of pseudo-classicism with which we have but little sympathy. The girl's Leghorn bonnet—for such it seems to be—which has fallen down on her shoulders, seems strangely out of keeping with the rest of the costume, and her strangely disposed robe is absolutely textureless. But there is poetry in the work, for the sake of which many eccentricities may be forgiven.

"The Proposal" (107) by Leys, hardly reaches the level of excellence, either in subject or execution, which one expects from a painter of such world-wide fame. Neither the solemn burgomaster in his Jacobean dress—nor the *fraulein* to whom he is supposed to be declaring his love—nor the beer garden which he has chosen for that avowal, are particularly interesting objects. C. Landelle sends a life-size portrait of a Fellah-woman, smooth to a fault in execution, but not without a certain character of beauty, falsely idealised though it may be. M. Lobrichon's graceful and fair-haired little *blanchisseuse* (111) it is impossible to praise too highly, but the child on the other side of her wash-tub is awkwardly posed, and the pink dress of the doll which it holds close to its face is a most unfortunate blot of colour. The "Refreshing Cup" (128), by Plassan: a lady of—say Queen Anne's time—sipping her chocolate in *deshabille*, is a delicate and charming little picture, though the figure is perhaps a trifle too consciously posed. Nor must we omit to mention "The Orangerie" (135), by Ruiperez, full of character and exquisite finish. One of the cleverest and most broadly painted studies from modern life in the room is "The New Toy" (165), by Alfred Stevens: a young girl seated at a table examining a piece of *bric-a-brac*. If we except a slight tendency to blackness in the shadows of the face, the execution of this picture is, of its kind, all that could be desired. Among other works in the gallery which deserve especial notice, are Troyon's "Ferry-boat" (179): a very luminous and Turneresque river-side scene at early morn; "The Engraver's Studio" (191), by Vibert, which we suspect is intended to represent more than its title would suggest; "Dans la Campagne" (204): a cattle piece by Otto Weber; "Crossing the Ford" (148); "The Snow-drift" (149), two masterly sketches by Schreyer; and Serrure's "Country Auberge," a picturesque episode of old French provincial life.

MUSIC.

To say that the orchestral concert given by Mr. Arthur Chappell at St. James's Hall, last Thursday week, was one of the most interesting and important of the musical entertainments of the year, would be a little premature at this early period of the season; but that any subsequent concert can surpass it in value and attraction, may fairly be doubted. Schubert's imaginative and poetical symphony in C—that glowing piece of prolonged musical idealism, with its welcome diffuseness and interesting tautology—of which we have several times had occasion to speak, was performed by the Crystal Palace Orchestra, under Mr. Manns, with a perfection and refinement that we scarcely hear elsewhere than at Sydenham, unless the band and conductor are transplanted thence, as on this occasion. Herr Joachim's noble interpretation of Spohr's eighth violin concerto, with its declamatory recitative passages, written avowedly in the style of a vocal scena, was marked by all those rare characteristics of style and execution which, as we have often had occasion to observe, belong specially to that great artist who has now quitted us, to return next season, we trust, in the full possession of his exceptional powers. Especially interesting, too, was Beethoven's seldom-heard triple concerto for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, written for the performance of the composer's friend and patron, the Archduke Rudolph, an eminent pianist of the time. This work, although classed as Op. 56, and thus standing in close proximity to many works in which the profound individuality of the great composer is largely manifested, exhibits rather a return to his earlier style, in which the melodious grace and exquisitely moulded form and proportion of Mozart are the chief characteristics. Although not comparable in grandeur and elevation to his great pianoforte concertos in C minor, G major, and E flat, Beethoven's triple concerto is full of interest and beauty, as well as affording admirably concerted effects for the exhibition of the three instruments of display—piano, violin, and violoncello. Its performance on this occasion could not be otherwise than excellent in such hands as those of Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti. It is scarcely necessary to mention the splendid orchestral performance of Weber's Overture to "Oberon," but it is essential to allude to the exquisite delicacy and refinement with which Mr. Manns' band accompanied the two concertos—a feature which, however usual at the Crystal Palace concerts, is extremely rare elsewhere.

The first performance in London of Mr. Benedict's "Legend of St. Cecilia," on Friday (yesterday) week, fully justified all that we said in its praise on the occasion of its first production at the Norwich Festival last year. The solo singers, in the performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society, were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Weiss, instead of (as at Norwich) Mdles. Titiens and Drasdil, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley. We gave so full an analysis of this work on the occasion of its performances at Norwich, that we need now only chronicle its complete success in London on Friday week. The funeral march, and contralto air, "Father whose Blessing" (expressly sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby), were both encored; and various other pieces which produced a great effect at Norwich, were attended with a like result in Exeter Hall. The performance of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Cummings was admirable and satisfactory, although subject to the severe test of comparison with that of Mademoiselle Titiens and Mr. Sims Reeves at Norwich. "St. Cecilia," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" (which formed the second portion of the concert), are to be repeated on Friday next.

The programme for the forthcoming season of Her Majesty's Theatre, issued at the commencement of the week, promises the production of Spontini's "La Vestale," announced for last season; as also of Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," with revivals of Rossini's "La Donna del Lago," and of Verdi's "I Lombardi"; together with Rossini's "Tell," with the entire music of the last act restored. The principal sopranos will be as heretofore—Mdles. Titiens, Ilma de Murska, and Sinico; with new appearances of Mdles. Christine Nilsson, Amalia Giacconi, and Ulbrich. The principal mezzo-sopranos will be as before, Mesdames Trebelli-Bettini, and De Meric Lablache; with Mdles. Eracleo and Martelli, to be heard for the first time here. Signor Mongini will be the tenor on whom will devolve the representation of the heroes of romance and tragic opera, while Signor Gardoni will reappear in those lighter parts which his refined and finished vocalization enables him to fill so satisfactorily. Of Mr. Hohler, Mr. Mapleson says in his prospectus, "the favourable impression produced by this promising tenor last season has induced his re-engagement." The list of principal tenors is completed by the name of Signor Tasca. Mr. Santley, for several past seasons identified with Her Majesty's Theatre, will again be the principal barytone, together with Signori Gassier, Foli, Bossi, and Rokitansky, and (for the first time in England) Signor Pandolfini—altogether, a goodly array of barytones and basses. The house is to open on the 27th inst., with Verdi's "I Lombardi." Signor Ardiati retains his post of musical director and conductor.

The commencement of this week brought with it the close of the Monday Popular Concert season, the occasion being also that of the director's benefit and the last appearance of Herr Joachim until next year. The evening was also rendered peculiarly memorable by the performance of Bach's Concerto in D minor for three pianofortes; the beauty and grandeur of which received admirable interpretation by the three executants, Mesdames Schumann and Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Charles Hallé. The accompaniments, for a string

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quintet of solo instruments, if occasionally a little too subordinate in association with the combined power of three magnificent Broadwood "grands," were welcome for the contrast offered by their refinement to the usual coarseness of such adjuncts to a concerto. The unaccompanied solos of Mr. Charles Hallé (short pieces by Bach) and by Madame Schumann (a Notturno and Scherzo by Chopin and Weber) were interesting exemplifications of the opposite styles of two great pianists. The entire programme was of high interest —the pieces not specified being, however, more or less familiar at these concerts.

With that unvarying punctuality with which Mr. Gye adheres to his announcements, both of the opening and the close of the Royal Italian Opera, that establishment commenced its season on Tuesday night with an excellent performance of Bellini's "Norma"—the cast the same as that of the past season. In May last we spoke in high terms of Madame Maria Vilda, who then made her first appearance here in the part of Norma, in which that accomplished singer achieved a success that we believe will be even enhanced on her return. On the former occasion, while recognising the vocal excellence of Madame Vilda's performance, the mingled dignity and refinement of her action and gestures, we yet felt the want of a little more warmth and intensity of dramatic passion. In this respect we find a marked progress; and if, even yet, somewhat more impulsiveness may be desirable, we are content to forego it if, as we have seen in some Normas, it is to be attained only by coarse demonstrativeness and by the sacrifice of that grace of manner which marks Madame Vilda's performance throughout. With so excellent an Adalgisa as Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, the music of Pollio so admirably sung as it is by Signor Naudin, and the part of Oroveso so well filled as it is by that excellent artist, Signor Attri, the present performance of "Norma" is one of the most generally efficient that we have seen for many seasons. The splendour of the orchestra, too, so admirably trained and conducted by Signor Costa, is a most important auxiliary of the musical effect. Early as it is in the season, Mr. Gye is already active in offering features of interest and novelty, since on Thursday he introduced a new Mephistopheles in the person of M. Petit—new, that is, to the London public, but well known and highly esteemed by the audience of the Paris Théâtre Lyrique. Of this artist we shall speak next week. On Tuesday we are promised another *début*, that of Signor Cotogni.

The funeral of Mr. Alfred Mellon (whose death, at the age of forty-six, was recorded last week), took place at Brompton Cemetery on Tuesday last; an unusually large assemblage of musical and theatrical celebrities marking the esteem, personal and professional, in which the late Mr. Mellon was held. By this occurrence the offices of conductor of the Musical Society of London and of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society are vacated.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

If any descendants of Garrick are now living and have any desire to appear on the English stage, they will do well to imitate the example of a young lady named Mrs. Scott-Siddons and to publish their genealogical tree. There are a great number of persons, including many journalists, who believe that talent runs in families, and that the possession of a celebrated name carries with it a large portion of the ability of the celebrity. Some such belief as this may account for the reception given this week to the lady we have named above, who appeared for the first time before a London public as a Shakespearian reader. Mrs. Scott-Siddons is young and attractive, with the Siddons head, if we are to trust the Gainsborough and Reynolds portraits, but with a foot less than the Siddons stature. She has a pleasing voice, when it is not strained, and an arch manner, but very little pathos and power of characterization. She is well patronized by the aristocracy, and announces herself as "the great granddaughter of the Mrs. Siddons."

Very weak and foolish farces are often produced at the Strand Theatre to play the people out, but the weakest farce of this kind we have ever seen was produced last Monday night under the title of "The French Exhibition." It contains nothing which justifies the title, and is full of dull horse-play and very bad broken English.

The revival of Foote's "Liar" has proved a great success at the Olympic, and, of course, other managers have had their attention drawn to similar revivals. Miss Herbert, at the St. James's, has reproduced a one act farce, taken from the French, which, under the title of "He Lies like Truth," was first performed at the Lyceum Theatre, then called the English Opera House, July 24, 1828. The part, first played with great success by Wrench, is now represented by Mr. Walter Lacy.

SCIENCE.

In our number for October the 20th we drew the attention of our readers to the circumstance that a memorial had been presented by the Royal Society to the Board of Trade, pointing out that the great and continually increasing employment of iron in the construction of ships must be productive of great additional loss of life and property, unless some more efficient means were

had recourse to for correcting the deviation of the compasses in iron ships. We also gave a brief description of the bold and startling, but strictly scientific remedy proposed by Mr. Hopkins, viz., the complete depolarization of the iron hull, by applying the well-known process employed for imparting or reversing the magnetism of a steel bar or artificial magnet. Since this date an iron passenger steamer has been wrecked with the loss of the lives of twenty-nine passengers and nine of the crew. According to the evidence given before the Board of Inquiry by the chief officer, "he attributed the loss of the vessel to the compasses being out of order. . . . The vessel was eighteen or twenty miles out of her course. . . . The two compasses differed half a point on any point steered." Still more recently, "H.M.S. Dryad ran ashore in a fog, and had a narrow escape of being wrecked, owing to the magnetism of her iron deck beams causing a deviation of five and a half points in her compasses." Is it becoming a great maritime nation like England to allow such a dangerous evil to remain in existence without strenuously exerting herself to remove it? A nation, moreover, so tender of human life. We have "Life Boat Institutions," "Prevention of Steam-Boiler Explosion Associations;" if the magnitude of the peril, and the numbers subjected to it, are to weigh in the balance, an association for preventing the shipwreck of iron vessels from compass deviation is still more urgently required. Since the ships of the British navy have been fitted with lightning conductors not a single life has been lost on board any of them during thunderstorms, which before was of constant occurrence; nor have any of the vessels themselves been seriously damaged, whilst formerly many were totally wrecked and lost from being struck by lightning. Through the lethargic obtuseness of the Admiralty the safety of H.M.'s ships and crews were put in jeopardy, and an annual loss of life and material incurred for nearly twenty years after Mr. Snow Harris presented them with an effectual safeguard. Let us not repeat this error with regard to the magnetism of iron ships, but let the value of the remedy, or rather cure, proposed by Mr. Hopkins, be at once carefully and accurately determined, and the plan definitively adopted or rejected according to the result.

The Montyon statistic prize has been awarded by the French Academy to M. le Dr. Brochard, for his memoir entitled "On the Mortality of Infants at Nurse, particularly in the arrondissement of Nogent-le-Rotrou." The mortality of these infants, deprived of the Argus-eyed watchfulness of parental love, is very great, and has always attracted the attention of the local authorities. The facts disclosed by the researches of Dr. Brochard are of an exceedingly painful and deplorable character. The observation of the mayor of a village in this district, "the cemetery of my village is paved with little Parisiens," seems generally applicable to those localities where the nursing of children is adopted as a trade, or regular means of livelihood. Whilst the mortality of the infants born in the commune is 22 per cent, that of the strangers brought there to nurse is 35 per cent. And in estimating the significance of these respective figures we must not leave out of sight the fact that the first percentage includes the numerous deaths which take place almost immediately after birth, whilst the second excludes this class. The most appalling circumstance brought to light by the labours of Dr. Brochard, however, is that separating the strangers or fosterlings into two classes—1. Those sent from what are called *les petits bureaux de Paris*; 2. Those placed by *le grand bureau*, a public department which employs inspectors in the country; the deaths in the former class mount up to 42 per cent, whilst those of the latter are only 17 per cent. The promulgation of these distressing facts has led to the establishment in Paris of an association for the protection of infants, not certainly before its services were required. The author of the memoir, however, mentions laws on the subject dating as far back as the commencement of the thirteenth century, which seem to prove that the evil is one not peculiar to modern civilization.

The researches of Dr. Le Fort on the subject of childbirth in the principal countries of Europe show that out of 888,312 accouchements in public hospitals and institutions, there occurred 30,594 deaths; out of 934,781 accouchements at home there were only 4,405 deaths. That is to say, 1 death in 29 of the cases delivered in public institutions, and only 1 in 212 of those attended at their own homes.

M. Poey, who, as is well known, occupies an observatory at a height of 2,280 mètres, under the clear sky of Mexico, has written a letter to M. Elie de Beaumont, stating that neither in 1865 or 1866 was any extraordinary shower of falling stars visible in Mexico. M. Poey associated two other observers with himself. On the night between the 13th and 14th of November, the total number of shooting stars visible in the two hours from 12 to 2 was 23 in the northern hemisphere, and 23 in the southern—total 46. On the night of the 14th and 15th of November, there were visible in the two hours from 1 to 3, 29 in the northern hemisphere, and 27 in the southern—total 56. M. Poey observes that he announced as early as 1849, that the periodical displays of shooting stars in August and November were invisible throughout the southern hemisphere, and at least as far north as the latitude of Havanna.

M. Silloujelt has calculated the probable period of the comet discovered at Marseilles on the 22nd of January according to the method of Cauchy. The numbers obtained are nearly analogous to those which figure under No. 87 in M. Arago's Astronomy. The comet, therefore, will be the one discovered by Messier in April, 1771.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.*

READERS in general have a just suspicion of books which bear the title given by Mr. Bagehot to these essays. Very much has been written on the English Constitution, and something of that much has been contributed by men whose names are classic, and whose ability was of the highest order. But even classical names and the highest ability do not always impart liveliness to a subject which in itself is imposing and dry. Most writers, too, have been content to dwell on the growth and progress of our liberties, or on the state of things which preceded those liberties, and the remembrance of which even now interferes with their exercise. Like the writers of travels of the last generation, they substitute historical for pictorial description, and their minds are so completely in the past that they cannot use their eyes on what is before them. *Sic fortis Etruria crevit* might be their motto. And some of them who happen, unfortunately, to have been, or to think themselves, statesmen, enter into these prospects of Etruria with a view of showing that by the genius of its constitution, a special place is reserved for them in its ministry. Mr. Disraeli's sneer at Alison for demonstrating that Providence was always on the side of the Tories, might be applied to many writers of both parties who feel themselves moved by the spirit to throw their own lights upon constitutional history. An egotistic value is sometimes given to a bad book by the sincerity of such convictions. We are tempted to wish a man in office by the thought, that when there he will have no time for writing. But it is selfish to sacrifice national interests for the sake of the reviewers, and to bring down judgments on England in order that Mudie may be spared.

Mr. Bagehot's book, however, is the very reverse of these orations *pro domo*. It is probably the first work that has been published on a grave and complex subject, which can be skimmed by triflers while affording matter for thought to the most studious. We are led away at first by the pleasant style in which the book is written, and we glide through the opening sentences of each essay with an impression that this is the modern spirit of which we hear so much from our grandfathers. Those sapient gentlemen, we think, will shake their heads at it. They will say that we have no sense of reverence; we let our young writers sport with the sacred Constitution. The names of De Lolme and Blackstone will presently be pronounced. Perhaps an old quarto will be pointed out to us, but will not be taken down. Yet as we read further on into Mr. Bagehot's book, we find that everything is not quite so easy. We turn back to something in the preceding page which seemed natural enough then, but which is somehow qualified by what comes after. It is gradually forced upon us that Mr. Bagehot is not sketching the accidents of an existing system, but is analyzing its very essence. He begins with some little touch that catches the careless eye, and then he inveigles you on till he rivets your attention. When once you enter into his arguments, you find that your first impression was not so far wrong, and that Mr. Bagehot does represent a modern spirit with which our grandfathers are little able to sympathize. This is not the spirit of levity, but the scrutinising spirit; not the want of all reverence, but the resolve to test everything before giving it either admiration or approval. To a Tory this spirit is all very well, so long as the inquiry is barred by some Statute of Limitations. It seems to him fair enough to examine what is new, only he keeps on examining it for as long a time as Lord Eldon would have devoted to a case in Chancery. But he thinks that you have no right to dispute the titles which have once been investigated by the court, or to pass sentence of civil death on an opinion which has been *autrefois acquit*. The Liberal, on the other hand, finds the new things good and the old things bad, and says so. The fact that some state of things has existed for 1,000 years is no proof to him that it is perfect, nor is the acquiescence in it of so many centuries a sign that nothing better could be discovered. He finds, on the contrary, that every successive age has made some changes, however slight; has striven for some improvements, however illusory. He sees that the wisdom of our ancestors was to adapt things to the times they lived in, and that they did not act for posterity because they supposed posterity would be quite as able to take care of themselves. It was only when they acted rashly, or refused to act at all, that they entailed trouble on their successors; when they thought either of their duty to their sons or their duty to their fathers, and did what they felt to be inexpedient on what they imagined to be the dictates of a higher conscience. We are so often called upon to commit the same mistake that we should do well to take warning by their errors. Like them we may be led astray by respect for antiquity; like them we may embark in new-fangled and plausible theories. We have still, as Mr. Bagehot shows, a plenteous crop of anomalies to strive against, and some of them must be rooted out with care, for fear of plucking up what is sound with them. But if we pay due regard to the work of repairing and renewing, an old building is the strongest. What seem to be defects in it are sometimes inseparable from its real merits, though undiscriminating eulogy may blind us to the reality of the one, and may exaggerate the appearance of the other. So long as attacks on undisguised abuses are warded off by an exposure of the weakness of the whole system, and by an attempt to class merits and defects together, there is little hope of a moderate reform. We may succeed in averting improvement, but we shall only lead to ruin.

* The English Constitution. By Walter Bagehot. London: Chapman & Hall.

Mr. Bagehot's book is the more valuable that he is a Liberal of the Conservative type sketched in the preceding paragraph. He has a good word for much that might be abolished if anything could be found to put in its stead. His sarcasm is sometimes so respectful that it could almost be appreciated by its victims. We do not suppose, indeed, that they will be blind to the scope of his argument. The Tories, when they find themselves touched off in the phrase conveniently attributed to a cynical politician, who watching the long row of county members so fresh and respectable looking, muttered, "By Jove, they are the finest brute votes in Europe!" will not credit Mr. Bagehot with much respect for one part of our constitution. His delicate suggestion, that "after every great abatement and deduction I think the country would bear a little more mind, and that there is a profusion of opulent dulness in Parliament which might a little—though only a little—be pruned away," must be repugnant to those who, as Schiller says of Henry IV. and Ravaillac, feel the ghost of the pruning-knife upon them already. But the uncompromising Liberals will hardly be content with such help. They will think Mr. Bagehot apt to be timid, to suggest difficulties, to put up with compromises, to prefer paradoxes to straightforward measures. It is, perhaps, true that Mr. Bagehot's mind is over-subtle, and that in some instances he dwells too much on the possible evils of novelty instead of caring to devise an escape from the actual evils which he acknowledges. His paper on Changes of Ministry is an example. He admits that Government must be impeded by the process which places a man who knows nothing about India at the head of Indian affairs, because another man has differed with Parliament about a rating franchise. But then he draws a most telling picture of the result—as things now are—of leaving a department to be defended in the House by its permanent Under Secretary. He shows rather cynically the way in which "steady grave faces" are massed behind the Treasury Bench to vote against some motion of the merits of which they know nothing, but on which they have been instructed by the Secretary of the Treasury. In another place he quotes a story of some such functionary confessing candidly, "This is a bad case—an indefensible case. We must apply our *majority* to this question." Now it may be perfectly true that, with what Mr. Bagehot calls Government by public meeting, some amount of obedience is necessary. It is evident that if the House of Commons illustrated the saying *quot homines tot sententiae*, no work would be done, and the public meeting would at the utmost pass resolutions. But even in the Church of Rome a large and growing party of conspicuous ability has come to the conclusion that there must be a point where obedience ends and reason begins. After all we have heard of the blind fidelity of the Roman Catholics it would be strange if the leading men of a Protestant country excelled them in that great characteristic. Surely we might trust to English gentlemen to look a little at the facts of a case before committing the country to a decision. Yet if we read the names of almost any division list we find that majorities (sometimes indeed they are minorities) are still applied to very bad cases. We might be tempted to ask how it happens that a whole party should coincide with regard to some question on which no jury would agree, and on which even judges would differ. How comes it that on the same evening the same men are censuring Liberal corruption and screening a corrupt Conservative? Mr. Bagehot's solution must be correct.

In another chapter Mr. Bagehot notices the present set of the current towards what are called centralization and bureaucracy, but what are really governing power and government organization. Here too he finds a word of irony for the opponents of the change. He tells us that our concealment of the real government is such that if you tell a cabman to drive to Downing-street, he will not in the least know where to take you. He mentions a very sensible old lady who thought the census of 1851 was a deathblow to the liberties of England. Yet to warn us against bureaucracy, he quotes Mr. Grant Duff and Mr. Laing on the abuses of it in Germany, abuses from which we might think ourselves perfectly safe so long as we retain aught of our national character. Englishmen may consent to introduce changes which militate with their old personal liberty if it can be shown that these changes are for the good of the community. Till lately many men thought that vestries were the strongholds of our liberties. The idea of making a householder fill up cesspools and build drains would formerly have been monstrous. Yet the majority has recognised at length that order and cleanliness are for the general good, that epidemics are worse than inspectors of nuisances, and guardians more tyrannical than Home Secretaries. It is not likely that an English majority will ever invest its officials with the power of licensing servants, forbidding the banns of marriage, putting tailors through a competitive examination. If more work of any kind is given to the public offices, they will be required to abate their pretensions and simplify their procedure. This might be done even without the fluctuating Parliamentary chief, whose use, according to Mr. Bagehot, consists in snubbing the pompous head official, and asking him why an applicant has to state his wishes, not to one clerk on one paper, but to five clerks on five papers. Nor do we think that the general tendency of our offices is towards overwork and constant interference. We cannot but trace much of their imperfections to the Parliamentary system under which their lot is cast, and by means of which every fault is laid on the shoulders of the party that is in power, and justified by the example of the party that is in opposition.

We seem to have been writing about Mr. Bagehot's book rather than on it. Our excuse must be that it is eminently suggestive,

and, as Pitt said of the Analogy, raises more doubts than it solves. Probably Mr. Bagehot did not intend to construct a perfect theory of a constitution, or to do more than trace out the workings of the one under which we live. And the solution of our doubts is not to be effected by any book, however able; it must be the work of time, of the human race, and of the hand that guides it.

THE BOOK OF THE SONNET.*

THE sonnet was always a favourite form of expression for love poetry. Wordsworth describes it as the key by which Shakespeare unlocked his heart, as the lute whose melody eased the amorous wounds of Petrarcha, as a pipe on which Tasso played a thousand times, as the consoler of Camoens in exile, as the myrtle-leaf amid the cypress which crowned the forehead of Dante, as the glow-worm lamp which "cheered mild Spenser," as a trumpet in the hand of Milton—

"Whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas! too few."

Leigh Hunt in this book regards the sonnet as the very microcosm of poetry. "You can," he says, "make love in a sonnet; you can laugh in a sonnet; you can lament in it, can narrate or describe, can rebuke, can admire, can pray." Now, an epic could do no more; but the office of the sonnet is at least limited to doing one thing at a time. The perfection of a good sonnet is, that it should possess a unity, completeness, and a polish, indicative of skilled and attuned emotion. That it should never stray from its object, that it should possess a pre-Raphaelite accuracy; that it should be musical without being monotonous. We are told that we owe the sonnet to Provence, and Leigh Hunt goes at great length and depth into the question of its shape, and of the reasons given for variations in the lines. One theory is based on the principle of the gamut, and this is to us the pleasantest fancy; the other is a logical notion, borrowed from the schoolmen, and they tell us that the business of the first division of the sonnet is to state a proposition, the second quatrain must prove the proposition; the first "terzette" should confirm it, and the second "terzette" should draw the conclusion. Now, although Leigh Hunt proceeds to insist "that such a system could never prevail over the manifest temptations to be free and easy," we suspect that the method was partially observed, not strictly, but playfully; and in the earlier sonnets a regular premiss, middle term, and deduction, may be noticed, all of course dependent upon a fanciful notion in the first place, but still treating it with a kind of solemn facetiousness, and a courtesy as though the writer wished to justify by his learning the extravagance of a compliment due to his imagination. By the way, while in this department of his work, Leigh Hunt uses one of those phrases which, since his death, have been rare in criticism. "Music is only emotion singing." If the reader dwells on this expression for a moment, he will find a supreme grace and truth in it. It is not easy to follow him into his analogy between a melody and a sonnet. An ear for verse and an ear for music are two very different things; there is no necessary connection between them.

Friar Suitone, of Arezzo, is mentioned as the first Italian sonneteer. He was succeeded by Cino de Pistoia, after whom came Guido Cavalcante, and then Dante. In the latter Hunt detects feeling, expression, and imagination greater than that of Petrarcha himself. We cannot forbear quoting the charming Leigh Huntish passage in which one reason for this opinion is given:—

"For next to the unquestionable superiority in the highest respect of one of those renowned poets over the other, that of Dante in the Sonnet—as appears to me—was the very important one of grace over elegance; that is to say, of the inner spirit of the beautiful over the outer, of unstudied as opposed to studied effect; of sentiment expressing itself wholly for its own sake contrasted with sentiment selecting its words for the sake of the words also."

Petrarcha, however, must be regarded as the chief of sonnet-writers. Hunt defends him eloquently from the charge of conceits and punning. They are the flowers which a lover throws at his mistress, the careless forgetting of art in the presence of the deity, the endearing trifles which spring from the very warmth and wantonness of passion, and which are neither to be tested or measured by a cool standard of criticism. Lamb seems to have thought out even a better defence for Sir Phillip Sidney on this head than Leigh Hunt has for Petrarcha. Lamb writes:—"They (Sidney's sonnets) are stuck full of amorous fancies—far-fetched conceits befitting his occupation: for True Love thinks it no labour to send out Thoughts upon the vast and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, outlandish wealth, gums, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-deprecating similitudes, as shadows of true amabilities in the beloved. We must be lovers—or at least the cooling touch of time, the *circum praecordia frigus* must not have so damped our faculties as to take away our recollection that we once were so—before we can duly appreciate the glorious vanities and graceful hyperboles of the passion." Petrarcha was so engrossed in his idolatry that he saw Laura visibly not only during the night time but in solitudes during the day. Trees, rocks, flowers, moonlight, starlight, clouds, and sunshine, all contained imitations of her, "L'aura," her very name was his life and breath. He went to work on his sonnets with much deliberation, and, even as Haydn did with his musical com-

positions, Petrarcha prayed before he summoned his muse. Fridays he set apart for correcting and erasing, and on Fridays he fasted as a rigid Catholic. After Petrarcha came a deluge of Petrarchas, each having his inevitable Laura. Giusto de Conti was in love with a Beautiful Hand, which he celebrated in numberless verses collected as "La Bello Mano." He keeps within arm's length of his mistress, never looks into her face, and addresses himself altogether to "La Bello Mano" as though he saw or knew nothing else. Lorenzo de Medici came after Conti as a sonnet writer, but Hunt does not dwell at any length upon his performances. In 1678 Federigo Meninni wrote a volume on "Sonnet and Canzone," in which expressions of contradictory sentiment were adduced as proofs of merit in the sonnet form of composition. This nonsense, Leigh Hunt says, became a "national passion," and he very sensibly condemns it as untrue alike to poetry and to reason. Milton, strange to say, was the next distinguished poet who wrote Italian sonnets. They were of a rather elephantine and roundabout nature, frigid, and, it would appear, somewhat clumsy. The greatest compliment which he stoops to pay to a beautiful singer is by thinking it desirable to "stop his ears"; and to another lady he gives a list of his own verses, and talks of not being afraid of the thunder of the universe. Talking of the "thunder of the universe" in such a situation, is just what we should expect from the author of "Paradise Lost," though not from the author of "Comus." Possibly Milton at that time was only exercising in the sonnet. In a clever farce by Addison, called "The Drummer," thunder is introduced into the closing couplet of a scene in a way which reminds us of Milton's use of it.

Among the varieties of the sonnet of which we find a record is the "mute" or "comic" sonnet, and we confess our inability, from the specimens here given, to discover any great humour in it. Milton wrote a comic sonnet on the Presbyterians of the Long Parliament, which Leigh Hunt omits to quote, because it "contains a word which, however proper for him (Milton) to utter in his day, and with the warrant of his indignation, is no longer admitted into good company." Our author was at first disposed to deprive us on similar grounds of the only other sonnet of the same kind in our language, but he repented of his resolution, and has inserted it with the necessary gap, which may be "filled up, or otherwise, by the reader with words of his own, according to his notions of propriety." Tasso composed a sonnet to cats, finishing with a mild joke, in which the tails of cats were compared to the tails of sonnets. Chaucer has left us no sonnets. Sir Thomas Wyatt translated, or rather paraphrased, a verse of this form into a satire against Henry VIII., "of so much force and vehemence . . . as must have struck even the hard heart of that ruffian with awe and astonishment." Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was, however, the original introducer of the legitimate sonnet into our country. Leigh Hunt conjectures that he owed his early death (he was murdered at the age of thirty) to a poem in this shape addressed to the King, and which is extracted in the volume before us. The author here remarks a peculiarity about the sonnet which is worth some attention. "So many of them," he plaintively and rather humorously observes, "turn upon illegal attachments." Dante's Beatrice was a married woman, and nobody would suppose from Dante that "there was such a casualty in the lady's life" as a husband. Laura—Petrarcha's Laura—belonged under the law and Mother Church to a gentleman named De Sade, whose name is never mentioned during the whole course of three hundred sonnets. Casa, another famous sonneteer, addressed himself to a married lady of the name of Quirino. Alfieri took the national mode of expressing a tender feeling for the wife of the Pretender. Sir Phillip Sidney was in a like fashion solicitous of favours from Lady Rich, whose spouse was a drunkard; and Shakespeare is thought, in those mysterious sonnets of his, to allude to "a person by no means," as Hunt delicately puts it, "belonging to the household of the great poet." Spenser wrote sonnets at the mature age of forty, which he termed "Amoretti—Little Loves." Raleigh "left us so excellent a sonnet on the 'Faerie Queene,' that it makes us wish he had written a thousand.... He had much better have stuck to his gentleman-pensionership, and confined his conquests to the pen. His pen was very like a sword. You see in this one little sonnet what possession he takes of the whole poetical world in favour of the sovereignty of his friend Spenser." Shakespeare composed in all one hundred and fifty-four sonnets. Then we have Ben Jonson, Donne, Daniel, and Drayton, contemporaries of Shakespeare, and also sonnet writers. Drummond, of Hawthornden, is highly praised by Hunt. He says, Drummond left upon his readers "the impression of an elegant-minded and affectionate man." "With Milton," writes our author, "the sonnet disappeared from English poetry for nearly a hundred years." Pope laughed at it—

"What woeful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starved hackney sonneteer or me;"

and Johnson fires a broadside against what he considered mere obsolete trifling:—

"All is old and nothing new;
Tricked in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode and elegy, and sonnet."

When Leigh Hunt speaks of Anne Seward, "Helen Maria Williams," "Charlotte Smith," and Mr. Bowles, we feel that the "Book of the Sonnet" has been some time written. Who cares for Anne Seward now, or even for Bowles, who in his day was regarded as a poet of no mean order? Hunt was far better

* The Book of the Sonnet. Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adams Lee. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

qualified to criticise those compositions than his earlier contemporaries, who, by admiring them, assisted to fill "annuals," and "keepsakes," and "amulets" with the most wretched rhyme-and-water nonsense. Wordsworth is undoubtedly the father of the modern sonnet. He struck a new vein, and we differ from Hunt, that he is inferior to even Milton in sustained power and dignity. Coleridge is ranked after Milton; Keats, Shelley, and Lamb follow. Of the latter it is said:—

"Lamb, though a wit and humorist of an exquisite kind, was not habitually a poet. He sat at the receipt of impressions rather than commanded them. He had not fervour enough to be a poet, not imagination or fancy enough at will, and little or no perception of music. He was the creature of nerves and thoughts, and a trying private history which needed consolation; and his fine natural sense found it in those necessities of reaction against sorrow, which brighten wit by the contrast and discern humour by the force of sympathy."

The American contributor to the "Book of the Sonnet," Mr. S. Adams Lee, has done his portion of the work with ability and discretion. We cannot, however, dwell upon it, or venture to enter into the respective merits of the numerous samples from the two countries included in these volumes. They are selected with a catholic taste and a fine judgment. Not only do we find here the names of known authors, but many names which the world has allowed to die, but whose testimony to poetic faith and whose evidences of poetic insight are now rescued from the forgotten magazine or the forgotten newspaper in whose columns they once enjoyed an ephemeral existence. Reading a book of this sort should make us feel proud of our language and of our literature, and proud also of that cultivated common nature which can raise so many noble thoughts and images out of this hard, sullen world into a thousand enduring forms of beauty. The "Book of the Sonnet" should be a classic, and the professor as well as the student of English will find it a work of deep interest and completeness. Some of the critical notes to the earlier poems are invaluable for that quaint felicity and bright suggestiveness for which Leigh Hunt was unapproachable. We recognise in him a poet telling us the secret of poetry.

MR. FROUDE'S SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS.*

Of all intellectual pursuits history, if conscientiously laboured upon, becomes perhaps the most absorbing. The writer, at least, who devotes the energies of his mind to the artistic representation of a wide and stirring epoch, will find little time for dalliance with the trifles of the hour, or even with studies worthy in themselves, but lying out of the chosen track. The elucidation of obscure occurrences, the reconciliation of discrepancies, the comparison and rectification of authorities, entail an amount of assiduous toil, scarcely to be appreciated by the ordinary student. More especially is this the case in our day, when we exact from our historians the most scrupulous accuracy, and the most intimate acquaintance with those public and private records that accumulate daily in our libraries. This exacting of an undivided allegiance has certainly contributed to make the historical works of our time much more perfect than their predecessors. But we have no doubt lost in this way much excellent writing of an ephemeral kind. It has been regretted that Lord Macaulay did not devote to his "Magnum Opus" the talent with which he so long adorned the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, but can we sincerely deplore the aberration of purpose that has given us the *Critical and Historical Essays*? Macaulay's most eminent successor in the field of English history has been more loyal to his chosen work. Mr. Froude has not wholly restricted himself to sixteenth century researches, but he has made these the main object of his life. That we miss a great deal of pleasant reading through the observance of this resolve, is apparent from the volumes before us. These contain, we suppose, most of Mr. Froude's literary trifles; at least, the evidence of "padding" leads us to that conclusion. To all who admire brilliant scholarly essays, not very profound or original, these "Short Studies" will be welcome. They will perhaps command more readers than the later volumes of the "History of England under Elizabeth," for they require, for the most part, no stretch of thought or mental tension; but we are, on the whole, glad to see that Mr. Froude is not inclined to wander away very far in the pleasant paths of periodical writing, from the sterner but more useful task of clearing up the most important crisis in our national history.

The volumes which Mr. Froude now publishes are very varied in their contents. Theology, history, criticism, are united with some trifles of a lighter kind. And the manner in which they have originally appeared is as various as the character of their matter. Half the first volume is taken up with three lectures on historical subjects. Among the remaining papers are three most able essays republished from the *Westminster Review*, on the Book of Job, on Spinoza, and on England's Forgotten Worthies. The rest of the book consists of a selection from Mr. Froude's contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*, which he has for some time conducted. A few fables and allegories either previously unpublished or produced in some periodical not here named are interspersed. There is something for almost every variety of taste, philosophical, practical, and superficial.

The opening paper—"A Lecture on the Science of History

* Short Studies on Great Subjects. By James A. Froude, M.A. London: Longmans.

delivered at the Royal Institution"—will be read with interest as embodying Mr. Froude's theory of the historian's office which he has carried into practice in the work on which his fame rests. The propositions which he lays down will not be strange to any who have taken the trouble to observe the scope and purpose of his previous writings. He, like Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Kingsley, and Mr. Goldwin Smith, protests vehemently against the possibility of a science of history at all. And so far as these writers are concerned, a retrogression rather than a progress is to be marked. Twenty years ago Mr. Mill hailed the commencement of a scientific school of historical writers in England, and the rapid formation of an able sect of Positivists in this country was regarded justly as a step in the same direction. The movement culminated in Mr. Buckle's striking work, and there for the present it has rested. A reaction, probably only temporary, has taken hold on the public feeling, and our most eminent historical writers are now avowed enemies of the Sociological theory. Mr. Froude is especially severe upon those who, like Mr. Buckle, would eliminate individual influence from human life, and on those who subordinate moral to intellectual, and intellectual to physical forces. Mr. Mathew Arnold lays it down that the aim of the highest poetry should be "to enable a noble action to subsist as it did in nature," and Mr. Froude would make this not only the aim of poetry but of history also. Generalisation he looks on with suspicion, experiment impossible, observation untrustworthy. And thus he eloquently sets forth his own view:—

"If poetry must not theorize, much less should the historian theorize, whose obligations to be true to fact are even greater than the poet's. If the drama is grandest when the action is least explicable by laws, because then it best resembles life, then history will be grandest also under the same conditions. 'Macbeth,' were it literally true, would be perfect history; and so far as the historian can approach to that kind of model, so far as he can let his story tell itself in the deeds and words of those who act it out, so far is he most successful. His work is no longer the vapour of his own brain, which a breath will scatter; it is the thing itself, which will have interest for all time. A thousand theories may be formed about it—spiritual theories, Pantheistic theories, cause and effect theories; but each age will have its own philosophy of history, and all these in turn will fail and die. Hegel falls out of date, Schlegel falls out of date, and Comte in good time will fall out of date; the thought about the thing must change as we change; but the thing itself can never change; and a history is durable or perishable as it contains more or least of the writer's own speculations. The splendid intellect of Gibbon for the most part kept him true to the right course in this; yet the philosophical chapters for which he has been most admired or censured may hereafter be thought the least interesting in his work. The time has been when they would not have been comprehended: the time may come when they will seem commonplace."

History written upon these principles would unquestionably be more popular, and perhaps more generally beneficial than more philosophical productions; and Mr. Froude himself has shown us how excellent an approach to his ideal may be accomplished by the union of industry and imagination. But we cannot see why an attempt should not be made to draw large conclusions from such useful inductions as our historians now supply us with. All science has the descriptive and the theoretic side. The closet naturalist supplements and digests into an available shape the acquisitions of the explorer and the observer of external nature.

The essays on "Erasmus and Luther," and the "Reformation in Scotland," have an interest of their own in connection with the history of England in the sixteenth century. But they present us with nothing approaching to an original idea; and indeed, being intended for popular audiences, originality would have been out of place in them. Mr. Froude can tell us nothing new about the Reformation; he may be said to have exhausted that subject in his History. His admiration for Luther, his contempt for Erasmus, and his sympathy with the Scotch Calvinistic outburst, seem to be reflections of Mr. Carlyle's "Strength-Philosophy," now happily diminishing to its just proportions, and however suitable to an effective lecture, their expression will not add materially to his reputation. The same may be said of the greater number of the papers from *Fraser*, such as that on "Free Theological Discussion," that on the "Dissolution of the Monasteries," and a very commonplace article on "Homer." In the latter part of the second volume there are three essays, apparently not before published, but bearing the date 1850, which are much superior to the mass of their companions. Through all the same note of ethical faith runs, though the subjects seem disconnected and incongruous. The first, on the "Lives of the Saints," is an ingenious and, in the main, a successful effort to arrive at the really noble and grand ideas which lie shrouded in absurdities and contradictions among the records of the Roman hagiology. Mr. Froude, like Mr. Carlyle, does justice to the high ideal embodied in that mass of superstitions, that nobody reads now, and at which everybody seems to level an easy sneer. And the spirit, the enthusiasm for moral beauty which leads Mr. Froude to admiration of the old ascetic life, is shown in a different relation in his paper on Mr. Emerson's "Representative Men," and in a very delightful critique on the world-famed beast-epic, "Reineke Fuchs." Taking these three in intimate and possibly predetermined connection, we obtain a fair practical summary of Mr. Froude's ethics.

The essays reprinted from the *Westminster Review* cannot be so cursorily dealt with as the shorter papers. That on the Book of Job has already had a wide and deserved popularity, having been republished in a pamphlet form. And Mr. Froude has never

written more admirably than in his exposition of the obscure meanings of the old Arabian poem. We may decline to accept his interpretations of minute critical points, we may elect to follow other guides in the difficulties of the Hebrew text, but we must in any case allow that Mr. Froude has thrown a most vivid light on the characters and the main ideas of the book. This is not the place to enter on any detailed examination of Mr. Froude's views ; such an examination would fail indeed to convey any notion of the peculiar excellences of the criticism or the eloquence of the language in which it is couched. We prefer to extract a brief passage, which in some degree gives the key to the entire essay. Mr. Froude, it will be observed, adopts the theory that Job seriously recognises the fact that in this life virtue may be miserable and vice prosperous and happy. The wicked, like the good, may be happy if he obeys the laws by which happiness is obtainable :—

" And, again, it is not true, as optimists would persuade us, that such prosperity brings no real pleasure. A man with no high aspirations, who thrives, and makes money, and envelops himself in comforts, is as happy as such a nature can be. If unbroken satisfaction be the most blessed state for a man (and this certainly is the practical notion of happiness), he is the happiest of men. Nor are those idle phrases any truer, that the good man's goodness is a never-ceasing sunshine ; that virtue is its own reward, &c., &c. If men truly virtuous care to be rewarded for it, their virtue is but a poor investment of their moral capital. Was Job so happy then on that ash-heap of his, the mark of the world's scorn, and the butt for the spiritual archery of the theologian, alone in his forlorn nakedness, like some old dreary stump which the lightning has scathed, rotting away in the wind and the rain ? If happiness be indeed what we men are sent into this world to seek for, those hitherto thought the noblest among us were the pitifullest and wretchedest. Surely it was no error in Job. It was that real insight which once was given to all the world in Christianity, however we have forgotten it now. Job was learning to see that it was not in the possession of enjoyment, no, nor of happiness itself, that the difference lies between the good and the bad. True, it might be that God sometimes, even generally, gives such happiness—gives it in what Aristotle calls an *ἐπιγίγνομενον τέλος*, but it is no part of the terms on which He admits us to his service, still less is it the end which we may propose to ourselves on entering His service. Happiness He gives to whom He will, or leaves to the angel of nature to distribute among those who fulfil the laws upon which it depends. But to serve God and to love Him is higher and better than happiness, though it be with wounded feet, and bleeding brows, and hearts loaded with sorrow."

The essay on Spinoza is in another way equally deserving of praise with the essay on Job. It clears up very efficiently some obscurities and misrepresentations that have gathered around a great reputation. We do not think that Mr. Froude has grasped the metaphysical bearing of Spinoza's philosophy so well for example as Mr. Lewes, but he has given a very useful and interesting account of its general influence down to our own time. He appreciates justly and generously the beauty of Spinoza's personal character, and he dispels some of the common misapprehensions current respecting his philosophy. Thus he properly speaks with contempt of the oft-quoted epithet applied to Spinoza by Novalis, the most ridiculously untrue that ever was spoken of a philosopher, the *Gotttrunkner Main*, the God-intoxicated man. Only a generation so abjectly ignorant of metaphysical learning as to stamp the hard-headed logician of Königsberg as a mystical speculator could have endorsed a verdict so futile and baseless. The power of Spinoza's philosophy, which gave birth in his own time to the pre-Established Harmony of Leibnitz and Malebranche's "vision of all things in the Deity," has been enormously increased since the commencement of the ideal movement in Germany at the end of the last century. Mr. Froude well sums up the later results of this magnificent Pantheistic creed :—

" Such are the principal features of a philosophy, the influence of which upon Europe, direct and indirect, it is not easy to overestimate. The account of it is far from being an account of the whole of Spinoza's labours ; his 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus' was the forerunner of German historical criticism ; the whole of which has been but the application of principles laid down in that remarkable work. But this is not a subject on which, upon the present occasion, we have cared to enter. We have designedly confined ourselves to the system which is most associated with the name of its author. It is this which has been really powerful, which has stolen over the minds even of thinkers who imagine themselves most opposed to it. It has appeared in the absolute Pantheism of Schelling and Hegel, in the Pantheistic Christianity of Herder and Schleiermacher. Passing into practical life, it has formed the strong, shrewd judgment of Goethe, while again it has been able to unite with the theories of the most extreme materialism.

" It lies too, perhaps (and here its influence has been unmixedly good), at the bottom of that more reverent contemplation of nature which has caused the success of our modern landscape painting, which inspired Wordsworth's poetry, and which, if ever physical science is to become an instrument of intellectual education, must first be infused into the lessons of nature ; the sense of that 'something' interwoven in the material world—

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;—
A motion and a spirit, which impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

" If we shrink from regarding the extended universe, with Spinoza, as an actual manifestation of Almighty God, we are unable to rest in

the mere denial that it is this. We go on to ask what it is, and we are obliged to conclude thus much at least of it, that every smallest being was once a thought in his mind ; and in the study of what he has made, we are really and truly studying a revelation of himself."

We cannot delay over the remaining essay, a very remarkable one, on England's Forgotten Worthies—Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh, Grenville, Gilbert, Davies, and the other knights-errant of the sea, whose deeds are chronicled by Hakluyt and Purchas. It may be observed by readers of Mr. Froude's history that in this essay, written fourteen years ago, he takes a much more enthusiastic view of this type of character than in his "Reign of Elizabeth." No doubt his studies in the records of the period tended much to sober down his admiration of the spirit, so glorified in Mr. Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" which manifested itself in butchery of Spaniards and Irishmen and peopled the Spanish Main with buccaniers. But though Mr. Froude's praises of Hawkins and his followers may seem extravagant, he has succeeded in making his account of their character and careers so interesting, that few will be inclined to regret the insertion of this essay in this book. In fact, as a whole, these volumes have merits of a very high order. They will, we doubt not, be eagerly read. But we cannot wish that Mr. Froude may expend any further labour on work of the same kind. It is the main defect in the literature of our age and country that the energies of our best writers are tempted away from higher and severer duties to productions demanding little sustained thought and finish. Mr. Froude has devoted himself to one of the noblest pursuits, and has shown his competency in it. In his case we trust no temptation will prevail.

NEW NOVELS.*

THERE are some novelists who never take their readers beyond the four walls of a house, or the inclosure that surrounds a garden. Into this narrow compass all the characters of the book are squeezed, and the reader along with them. Here, all that human beings can do in such limits, we grant, is performed ; but that all is necessarily very little, and consequently very unexciting. Anything like action—unless it happen to be a murder, of which every garden will furnish a well to secrete the deed—is out of the question ; and the imagination, however vivid, is obliged to content itself with inflated or vapid dialogue. The compositions of such authors speedily become tedious, and presently intolerable, unless they happen to be seasoned with either a good deal of wit or a good deal of humour. "Joyce Dorner's Story" is a novel so unpretending in its plan, so narrow in its action, and so sterile in incident, that not even the prejudices of the class of readers to whom it appeals can save it, we fancy, from a speedy oblivion. The constantly recurring phrase, "But to return," sufficiently indicates the frequency of its digressions ; and these digressions, for the most part ambitiously written, serve but as intellectual fences over which the reader has the trouble of leaping in his progress from chapter to chapter. The plot is a little complicated ; but then the interwoven threads of interest that compose it are spun out of subjects attenuated and feeble by the frequency of their employment. A mystery in Australia is a basis upon which ten novels out of every fifty are constructed ; and "Joyce Dorner's Story" has a mystery in Australia. A young lady, falling in love with a man who secretly reciprocates her passion, but directing his attention towards another young lady, which is the cause of some dissatisfaction and much perplexity, is also a well-worked vein in the fields of modern fiction ; and this, too, will be found in "Joyce Dorner's Story." Nor are the personages of the book drawn with much discrimination, or endowed with faculties other than those which are characteristic of the records to be found ranged in rows on the shelves of every circulating library. It is not so much a want of completeness in the execution, as an absence of originality in the colouring, that renders Miss Goddard's characters in this novel trite, prosaic, and sometimes insipid. Mr. Chester, for instance, is as conventional a hero as is anywhere to be found. He does exactly what a hero of a modern novel *would do* ; and nothing more. Joyce Dorner is a young lady who travels unerringly down the groove first cut by "Jane Eyre," and now well worn by the multitude of her imitators. Doris Carmichael is a creature eminently the novelist's ; an exotic originally transplanted from the fields of French romance, and fitted only to adorn the existence whose limits are defined not by hours but by chapters. Then we have Mr. Carmichael, the resemblance of an archetype to be found in no society but that belonging to fiction. Of the characters the best is Mrs. Carmichael. Though a sketch, it has more of truth than any of the others. There is a mark of originality about it which shows that here the authoress drew from nature. Mrs. Carmichael is a person not likely to excite much sympathy ; but then it is of the right kind. It is like a hearty laugh furnished by a tragical comedy ; or one tear provoked by a comical tragedy. The plot is of a nature that almost baffles analysis. Joyce Dorner is a poor relation who seeks refuge in the house of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael. Here she encounters Doris, Mrs. Carmichael's niece, a girl whose manners at first sight seem somewhat repelling, but who improves on intimacy, until the two girls become very good friends. Doris is thought to be an heiress to a fortune enveloped in an Australian mystery. The reputation

* Joyce Dorner's Story. By Julia Goddard. London : Bradbury & Evans.
Sir Hubert Marston. By Sir Francis Vincent, Bart. London : Chapman & Hall.

of prospective affluence invests her with a charm that a knowledge of her character would certainly withhold. Miss Goddard seems to have wished her good, but sympathy is suspended between the clash of opposing qualities. Mr. Carmichael is a sour, dispassionate man, with a worm in his heart and a fortune at his disposal. The fortune enables him to live in comfort, but the worm urges him into certain malignant and cruel proceedings. He has for an enemy a man of the name of Gresford Lynn, who lives in a house hard by his (Mr. Carmichael's) estate. These two persons were acquainted in early youth; but they parted in enmity. Mr. Lynn first of all taking care to surreptitiously marry Nelly, Mr. Carmichael's sister. Nelly dies, and Mr. Lynn marries again. This marriage produces some unexpected results. Into them, however, we do not propose to enter; it being sufficient for our purpose to state that Mr. Carmichael gratifies his hate by first of all suffering Doris to be thought Mr. Lynn's daughter, and then by affirming that she is nothing of the sort: Mr. Lynn's real daughter having perished in the vessel whose going down had made him a widower. This declaration is confirmed by the opening of one of those mysterious sealed packages which are so useful to maintain the novel reader in a state of suspense, in which the writer, Doris's supposed mother, relates the history of the shipwreck, and how, her own child being drowned, she had taken charge of an infant belonging to a French lady who also went down in the ill-fated vessel. The loves of Joyce and Mr. Chester, how they were inspired, how they were interrupted, how they were reanimated, and, finally, how they were gratified, occupy a large share of the story. But the relation is enlivened by nothing new. The tale is told as the tale has been told over and over again. Indeed, "Joyce Dormer's Story" reminds us very much of an egg. We know what will result from the egg when it is hatched, because we have seen many eggs hatched before; and on the same principle we know what will be the conclusion of this story, because the development of such stories has been made long ago familiar to us. We have said that Miss Goddard wants originality. This is sufficiently demonstrated, as far as the fiction is concerned, by our brief analysis of the plot. The following quotations will illustrate our remark as applied to her mode of thinking:—

"Who understands the mystery of spirit life? Who knows but that in sleep our spirits may wander away and visit those they wish to see, or even those they do not wish to see, but yet by the seven years' decree are compelled to visit, and so accomplish the theory of our forefathers?"

And so on for a couple of pages.

"We may smother our regrets in the whirl of active life; we may drown our sorrows in excitement; we may even for awhile keep down remorse; and we may build up fresh hopes, and try to hang a curtain between us and the past. But the whirl of active life will not go on for ever; a hush must sometimes come. And in the silent hour of midnight, or in the ghastly grey of the chill dawn, Regret, like a phantom, will haunt us, and shake a mocking finger at our inability to undo the past."

"But men cannot suffer as women do; they have more to think of, more to take an interest in; they go out into the world, and it is so large a field that they can lose themselves in it, and forget partially, if not wholly, their troubles; but a woman stays quietly at home, within a narrow circle, and cannot so easily withdraw herself from herself."

"When men accomplish an object that they have zealously and perseveringly worked for, it often happens that the satisfaction they anticipate is by no means realized when the result is gained."

And so forth. Doubtless, all that Miss Goddard says is true; only it unfortunately happens that all that Miss Goddard says has been said hundreds of times before. What is the use of advancing in solemn language a position that nobody disputes, or an axiom that everybody knows? What in Shakespeare, in Goethe, or in Byron may be a splendid fact, becomes in a repeater's mouth a dreary platitude. Originality, it is true, can nowadays hardly hope to create; but it may surely aspire to make some addition to the experiences already accumulated. When, therefore, something is told us that has been often told before, let the repetition at least be so contrived that it may communicate one idea more than it has hitherto done; else it surely degenerates into something meaner than plagiarism.

"Sir Hugh Marston" displays signs of considerable power. As a work of art it is open to a few objections; but taken as a whole, it may be very justly commended. The plot is contrived with a very fair amount of ingenuity. It must be confessed, however, that the commencing chapters of the story are unsatisfactory. They relate chiefly to Susan Ashford's birth and parentage; and this account involves a description of low life as represented by Sarah Penge, a domestic, and Sam, her nephew. Nothing perhaps is more prejudicial to the interest of fiction than scenes of vulgarity described by an author who is acquainted with vulgarity only in theory. Fancy may embellish or refine the higher ranks of society without risking the charge of improbability; what we know to be good we are seldom surprised at seeing described as better. But what is coarse or low admits of no palliation, and to further degrade it will equally destroy the illusion. It is evident that Sir F. Vincent has been content rather to coin his ideas of vulgarity from theories of his own or from the compositions of others than to ransack those dens and purlieus which could have alone furnished him with true types for his characters. Persecuted at home by Sarah, who subsequently becomes her mother-in-law, and Sam, the villainous nephew, Susan one night takes to flight and is rescued by Sir Hubert Marston, who has recently returned from a long

sojourn abroad. He consigns the pretty girl to the charge of a Mr. and Mrs. Digby, who, by one of those accidents which unfortunately are so rare in real life, turn out to be relations of hers; and by them she is tended, and in a measure educated. Sir Hubert from the first has inspired Susan with a feeling of veneration which further intercourse ripens or transforms into love. Before long they are married, and she finds herself mistress of a very fine estate and twelve thousand a year. The least interesting portion of the story concludes with this wedding. The author seems to have reserved his powers for the portrayal of a very singular married life. In this he has been successful. Here the story of Othello is repeated, though happily unattended by any fatal consequences. The Iago of this episode is Mr. Penrhys, a gentlemanly scoundrel, whose career in Parliament sufficiently indicates the nature of the man.

"He was returned pledged to support the Administration of the day, and this pledge he amply redeemed. He never made a speech, properly so-called. His nature was too overbearing to allow him to argue a case or discuss a question calmly and dispassionately; but for a cold, cutting sarcasm, an insolent sneer or taunt, an unblushing misstatement of fact, he was unrivalled. He had the knack of putting his opponents on their defence. More than once he had contrived to turn an inconvenient question of public interest into one of a personal nature. More than once he had silenced an adversary whom he could not answer, by an impudent denial of the data on which that adversary's argument was founded."

This fellow does his best to ingratiate himself with Lady Marston, and his machinations are so far successful as to cause a separation between the husband and wife. How this is brought to pass it is needless to say; but it results in Sir Hubert leaving for the Crimea, whither, after a time, and when enlightened on the subject of the cause of their quarrel, Lady Marston follows him. Such devotion necessarily brings about a reconciliation; and the story is concluded by a complete restoration of their matrimonial happiness. Poetical justice is satisfied in witnessing Mr. Penrhys united to Lady Deptford, a termagant. This is a precedent which it would do well for other novelists to follow, the idea being newer and the retribution being certainly more terrible than the ordinary killing, dying, or mysterious disappearance, of the villain in the last chapter. There is a scene between Lady Marston and Sir Hubert on her discovery of his supposed crime, which may be warmly praised as graphic, affecting, and lifelike. There are also many little delicate touches of pathos in the concluding volume, especially in that portion which relates the meeting of the wife and husband abroad. The talent that the book displays fully justifies Sir F. Vincent's assumption of the romancist's pen. His diction is correct and animated. He wisely omits all digression, unless such remarks as naturally rise from the circumstances of the story, and which occur without in the least degree interrupting the interest, may be termed as such. The promise of improvement, as suggested by "Sir Hubert Marston," does not at all interfere with the promise of the book itself. Better, we sincerely trust, will come; but the prospect of doing better need not prevent Sir F. Vincent from congratulating himself upon having done that which is already good.

OUR COUSINS IN AUSTRALIA.*

If we say that Sarah Norris's *Reminiscences* are a little tedious, we shall have said all that can fairly be alleged against them. We say it, too, with this qualification, that in the quiet flow of the narrative there is a charm which will be acceptable to a very large class of readers. Though one chapter is entitled "a sensational episode," the book is devoid of any attempt to create an interest by violent means. The author displays here again the qualities which were remarkable in her "*Social Life in Sydney*"; the flowing perspicuous style, the naturalness of incident, the excellent moral tone. She endeavours, and successfully, to trace the evils into which young people are apt to fall who are self-willed and feebly governed. Mainly, the tediousness of which we have spoken arises from the continual lapsing and relapsing of the cousins, Christina and Mark Dare, and the weakness of their governess and relative, Miss Norris. But their conduct—fascinated as they are by the companions whom they have been allowed to select for themselves, and who are at once very agreeable and very unscrupulous persons, by no means an improbable combination—is perfectly natural. The skill, too, is remarkable with which the governess, with the best intentions to keep them out of mischief, is even led to participate in it, or to seem to do so, and to conceal from Mr. and Mrs. Dare what her conscience warns her should be disclosed to them. We cannot, in spite of their wilfulness, refuse our sympathy to the high-spirited girl and the daring boy, who, in their worst follies, show redeeming traits of character, and who owe at least some part of the temptations into which they fall to a mother and aunt, too absorbed with self-indulgence, and a father and uncle, too engrossed with the affairs of business, to make society for them. All these characters are drawn with a well-defined touch, and the more difficult portraiture of the Philipson family come out true to nature. Mrs. Philipson, the pretended widow lady in straightened circumstances, scheming to get into society, soft and stealthy while watching her opportunity, and inexorable in seizing it when she has to turn a joke into a marriage for the benefit of one of her daughters, is an admirable creation. The air of reality is perfect;

* Our Cousins in Australia; or, Reminiscences of Sarah Norris. By Isabel Massary. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

and in the landscapes which are sprinkled here and there throughout the volume, the author shows her ability to paint exterior nature as pleasingly and truthfully as character. Sometimes by a few touches she produces a perfect picture, as in the description of the Pines, when Sarah Norris, learning the death of Mr. and Mrs. Dare, returns to see if she can befriend Christina. The strange man who opens the door, the hall littered with straw and packages, the smell of tobacco and spirits when the door of the luxurious dining room is opened, show that bankruptcy as well as death has been busy with the once opulent family; and the description of Mark Dare with the frying-pan in his hand, cooking some chops by the light of a dip candle stuck in a bottle, while Christina sits near him with her arms crossed and her head dropped upon her breast, is one of those homely and half ludicrous incidents which only by very skilful treatment can escape being absurd, and heightened, as in this instance, the gloom and pathos of the picture. This is the turning point of the story. Mark and Christina have now to face adversity. Its "uses" bring out their better qualities, and Miss Norris's own share in their troubles at this time seems meant to show the value of a friend in need, not merely in a pecuniary but moral point of view. Left to themselves, it is difficult to see how the imprudent pair could avoid rushing upon greater follies than those which have helped to bring about Mr. Dare's bankruptcy and the disinheriting of Mark. Christina's determination to earn her own living as a governess is defeated by the unwillingness of the ladies of Sydney to intrust the care of their children to a "young person" who has been allowed too much liberty, and whose unwise use of it has been a subject of general remark. Her fine points are brought out in the hard life of the bush, where Mark embraces a career which he has always disliked with the cheerfulness of a man who bows to necessity in a manly spirit, and in time is taken into partnership by his employer. Christina, always a character who holds our sympathies though occasionally repelling them, grows in strength of moral purpose and in personal beauty. The scene of her marriage in the bush cabin is very prettily described, she of course standing out the prominent feature, in "dress of simple white muslin, and a wreath of wild orange flowers crowning her radiant curls, as with varying colour, and eyes gleaming through smiles and tears, she spoke the marriage vows of care and trust to the companion of her earlier years, the companion and instigator of so many follies, now to be the protector and guide of her life." But such happy endings are not always given to wayward beginnings. Let us hope that Mark and Christina brought up their children better than they were trained themselves, and that colonial governesses are not all of the stamp of that Miss Sharp to whose vacant place Sarah Norris succeeded, or of the well-meaning, weak-minded Sarah.

THE MAGAZINES.

PART III. of the articles on "Military Reform" opens the current number of *Fraser*. The writer is loud in his complaints of the injustice of the treatment of common soldiers in the British army, and expresses himself thoroughly disgusted with the decision of the Government on the subject of army improvement. M. Nisard's "History of French Literature" affords matter for a fair review article; and in the next paper—"The Gracchi"—we have some account of the system of land tenure prevailing in ancient Rome and Italy, and of the revolutionary ideas propagated by the celebrated brothers, with a moral pointed at our own country and times, suggesting the desirability, or rather the necessity, if very serious consequences are to be avoided, of giving to the peasants of England a direct interest in the soil. Additional chapters of "The Marstons" are followed by a communication from Baron Liebig on the subject of Lord Bacon, and his claims to be considered a great philosopher. The Baron undertakes to answer some criticisms in the December number of *Fraser* on his work charging the founder of the Inductive Philosophy with being an impostor; and his defence is here published in full, with certain annotations by the editor of the Magazine to which it is addressed. The controversy is interesting; but the Baron's confession that he was led into the study of the Baconian philosophy by finding in it "a kind of demon," his "worst enemy"—viz., the inductive mode of reasoning—will give some idea of the spirit in which he writes. Mr. Theodore Martin supplies a fluent and easy translation of the First Satire of the First Book of Horace; and this lighter fare is succeeded by an article on "The New Confessional," in which a very strong opinion is pronounced against the practice of auricular confession, lately reintroduced into the Church of England by certain Romanizing members of the clergy. The paper on "American Dairies" is a terrible revelation of the way in which cows are treated in the city of New York, where subterranean dairies are attached to some of the distilleries, in which the wretched animals are fed solely on "swill"—the waste liquor which results from the evaporation of the pure spirit after passing through the condenser. This produces a great flow of milk, but it brings the animal into a miserably diseased state, and, after lingering in a slow torture which sometimes lasts for years, it not unfrequently dies in the very act of being milked. The poor creatures are in fact in a state of constant intoxication and semi-stupor; they are reduced to skeletons, and are known to suffer in many ways, as human drunkards do. The "dairies," moreover, are dark and dirty, and the attendants and utensils foul in the last degree; so that we can well understand that, as the writer (Mr. Stephen Buckland) says, the large proportion of infantine deaths in New York is owing to the poisonous milk thus unnaturally manufactured. An anonymous writer furnishes an essay on Poetry, which does not add much to our knowledge of that ill-defined but potent form of literature; and the two concluding articles are reviews of

Mr. Bridger's "France under Richelieu and Colbert," and Miss Whately's life of her father.

Macmillan, after a due instalment of Mr. Henry Kingsley's story, returns to the old subject of the uses and abuses of classical education, and then proceeds to gather some further gleanings of Charles Lamb, certain of whose letters, and others by his sister, are here published for the first time. The following anecdote of Lamb is original and striking:—"It so happened that a lady and her sister came over from Edmonton one day to see the Lambs at Enfield, and in the evening Charles saw them part of the way home. He left them at a certain point, and said he should go back straight to Mary. To Mary, however, he did not go straight back, but went into a roadside tavern, and called for some liquor. He sat down to his refreshment near two men, who, like himself, were drinking beer or spirits, and got into conversation with them. He did not know them, nor they him. Nothing more passed for the time. Lamb paid his reckoning, and went away. A horrible murder had been perpetrated at Edmonton that very day. A man had been killed and robbed, and his body thrown into a ditch. The men with whom Lamb had been were the murderers! Very soon after he had quitted their society, they were arrested on the charge, and the next morning Lamb himself was apprehended on suspicion of being an accomplice! The matter, of course, was explained, and he was set at liberty; but the episode was a remarkable one, and it is now for the first time put forward, as we had it from the lips of one of the ladies whom he escorted home on that eventful evening." Professor Max Müller enters into a discussion of a curious question which has been much debated—viz., whether there are Jews in Cornwall, or, to speak more correctly, whether any part of the old Cornish population is of Hebrew origin. The Professor thinks that the idea has arisen from a corruption and consequent misinterpretation of certain words and names of places in the most western of English counties—words and names of Celtic origin, altered in time by Saxon immigrants, and certainly having a *prima facie* look of something Jewish in the population. Miss Garrett, the lady doctor, writes on "Volunteer Hospital Nursing," advocating the employment of *paid* nurses (though of a superior order to those now engaged), rather than amateurs who work from mere enthusiasm. The Hon. Mr. Lytton (the "Owen Meredith" of former days) examines the Count de Gobineau's work on the Cuneiform inscriptions in Persia, in which it is contended that the writings have no reference to history, as generally supposed, but are simply a collection of religious rhapsodies. Mr. Lytton translates some of these inscriptions from the French of Count de Gobineau, and, if genuine, they are of interest, as showing what were the ideas of a remote Oriental race on the being and attributes of the Creator. Miss Betham Edwards follows with a brief narrative called "A Letter, or Léonie's Story." The essay on "The Study of the English Language" contains some interesting particulars and just remarks, concluding with the observation:—"The study of our language is still in its very infancy. There is not yet extant any satisfactory grammar of it, any adequate dictionary, any complete history of its sources or of its development. We are proud of computing by how many millions it is spoken; but we have been content to live strangely careless, grossly ignorant, of it." The number winds up with a thoughtful article on "Reform," the author of which advocates a large concession to the working classes, and characterizes as bungling evasions all such contrivances as plural voting.

Besides "The Claverings," and "A Week in a French Country House," the *Cornhill* gives us an historical essay on "The Königs-marks and Marshal Saxe," full of interesting matter; a very amusing piece of gossip on "The Saints of the Stage"—i.e., those actors and actresses who have given up the drama for a life of piety; a pleasant paper on "Don Quixote's Country," tracing the several localities mentioned in the immortal work of Cervantes, and describing in what state they are now; an article on "Martial Law and Military Law," pointing out the distinction between them, with reference to such cases as that of Mr. Eyre; an account of the Scotch game of hockey; and a personal reminiscence, entitled "Life in a Military Prison," from which it would appear that British soldiers are subjected, when in captivity even for slight offences, to extreme severities, such as make the writer anticipate that, without very considerable ameliorations, "the day is not far distant when, to recruit the ranks, British factories and workshops will have to be decimated by the conscription."

The *Fortnightly Review* contains an interesting article by Aurelio Saffi—one of the Roman Triumvirate of 1849—on "Italy and the Pope," in which the writer insists on the necessity of the temporal power being abandoned, as the only means of settling the Roman question. In a note at the end, the illustrious Italian says:—"The preceding article was written some time ago, when the French were about to depart from Rome. The situation having since then undergone no material change, I have made no alteration in my remarks. But a few words in addition to what I have already said will perhaps be required better to define the present complexion of affairs. The Pope has neither left the Vatican, nor shown any liberal disposition towards his subjects or towards Italy. No thinking mind, however, will seriously be of opinion that things can long remain as they are. To consider the establishment of temporal papacy at Rome supported by foreign mercenaries a permanent solution of the question would, indeed, be a sorry proof of blind statesmanship. The very forbearance of the Roman people bespeaks their settled purpose, and their confidence as to the future; whilst public opinion, and the vote of the Italian Parliament as regards the financial project, by which the former Bill concerning the property of the Church was to be superseded, and no inconsiderable amount of influence placed in the hands of the hierarchy, clearly show the firm resolve of the nation not to be tricked by Jesuitical schemes. As to religious freedom, the policy of the Italian ministers has hitherto been an attempt to reconcile the Papal Court by lavish concessions, such as the renunciation of the *Regius Esequatur* and the like. This policy will prove a failure." Mr. W. Nassau Molesworth's paper on the "History of the Reform Question from 1832 to 1848" is valuable at the present moment as a

summary of the earlier stages of an agitation which has now gathered such strength as to compel even Conservative Ministers to become Reformers. The Hon. Auberon Herbert discusses "The Canadian Confederation" from a point of view highly favourable to the scheme, and at the same time makes some suggestions with reference to a species of legislative union between Great Britain and her colonies. Mr. J. M. Capes writes a very able paper on "Music as an Expression of Character," in which he seeks to define the precise amount of meaning which may be attached to musical compositions; and the editor (Mr. John Morley) gives us Part III. of his criticism on Burke, as well as a review article on the recently published "Essays on Reform."

The *Dublin University Magazine*, having, for the present at least, exhausted its stock of Irish fairy lore, favours us this month with a batch of "Superstitions and Legends of the North of England." The other articles are—"The Libraries of the Middle Ages and their Contents," "The Minor Brethren," and "Two Portraits: a Satirist and an Actor," viz., Foote, and one Mossop, a player in Garrick's company. In addition to these, there are three continuous novels.

The *Month* proceeds with Lady Georgiana Fullerton's "Stormy Life, or Queen Margaret's Journal," gives some further "Scenes in Teneriffe," and discusses various subjects from the ground of its Roman Catholic opinions. Among these we shall only refer to the short paper at the end, on "The Assassination of Count Anviti," which is one of numerous attempts we have observed in this Magazine to throw discredit on the various revolutions which have made Italy a nation. In the present instance, an assertion put forth in a recent number of the *Month* is reiterated—viz., that Farini, the dictator of the *Æmilia* in 1859, "handed over" Colonel Anviti, a former agent of the ex-Duchess of Parma, "to a mob of ruffians to be barbarously murdered." This monstrous statement having been very properly disputed by a Scotch publication, it is repeated with a pretence of justification which only aggravates the original offence. The authorities to which the writer refers are of the most suspicious character, and the account of the affair which he gives is contradicted by the testimony of others who are not likely to have been either deceived or deceivers. The article, however, is instinct with a venomous feeling of spite towards Farini, and even repeats the absurd story of his having helped himself to the public money during his dictatorship, though it is known that he quitted his post a poor man, and refused an estate and a sum of money which had been voted him. These libels on the memory of a man who is now dead and unable to defend himself, and on a cause which is living and triumphant, arise from sources too tainted to impose on any but those who desire to be misled.

The present number of the *Art Journal* contains the first instalment of a profusely and most beautifully illustrated catalogue of the Paris Exhibition, which will doubtless be found useful to visitors, besides being in itself a very attractive work of art. Being separately paged, it will form, on its completion, a volume by itself, which will be an interesting memorial of the latest of the "world shows." The steel plates this month are only two in number—Webster's rather uninteresting "Village Choir," and G. Smith's pretty bit of dressed-up pastoral, "The Sisters." Among the woodcuts are some good specimens of the works of Flaxman; and the literary matter contains an article by Mr. S. C. Hall on Samuel Rogers.

In *Belgravia*, we find a continuation of Dr. Scovell's earnest remarks on "Vivisection," further chapters of "Birds of Prey" and of "Circus," and a variety of light articles requiring no special notice. Among the illustrations (some of which are poor enough) we should mention a very pretty sketch, called "On the Wrong Side of the Stream." The *Argosy* pursues the even tenor of its way, with a sufficient variety of tales, essays, and poems. *London Society*, in its "Sketches of the English Bench and Bar," devotes an article to Sir James Wilde, the Judge of the Divorce Court, with a portrait. The *Churchman's Family Magazine* is chiefly clerical in its contents, as usual. The *St. James's* presents a fair selection of stories, topographical articles, and gossiping sketches. The *Victoria* continues its temperate discussion of feminine questions. *Good Words* is full of readable matter; and the *Sunday Magazine*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Leisure Hour*, and the *People's Magazine*, combine religious exhortation with instructive matter, and are illustrated with a profusion of woodcuts, some very good, and others in that style of wilful badness which is now considered fashionable. Once a Week makes up an excellent monthly part; and in *Cassell's Magazine* we have a new venture which deserves well of the public, being an extraordinarily cheap sixpennyworth of fiction and essay-writing by writers of name and approved ability, to which we can make no other objection than that, with its dusky illustrations and "toned" paper (which might with equal propriety be called tarnished paper), it has a somewhat depressing appearance.

We have also received the *Light Blue*, the *Church*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, the *Baptist Magazine*, and the *Chessplayer's Magazine*.

SHORT NOTICES.

The North-West Peninsula of Iceland. By C. W. Shepherd, M.A. (Longmans.)—Mr. Shepherd has produced a very pleasant and readable book, which embodies his observations on that peculiar country, Iceland. He has presented us with new and interesting details of Icelandic life and scenery, and many of his researches will be of special value to the naturalist and ornithologist. One of his main objects in visiting the island was to collect information on various vexed questions relating to its ornithology, and we have accordingly much information here given us respecting the habits and habitats of the birds of the country. The manners and habits of the people have not escaped our author's observation, and are here given in a most interesting form. Taken as a whole, it is a charming book, full of incident, information, and novelty; its illustrative plates are attractive and well executed.

The Book of Praises. By W. H. Alexander. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.)—This work presents us with the Book of the Psalms, ac-

cording to the authorized version, "with notes original and selected." It is very carefully done, and contains, in a condensed form, the best body of notes on the subject we have seen, abounding as they do in varied and valuable information and practical reflections. The author's modest reluctance to publish this work has been superseded by his widow's desire to make his labours known to the public, for which we owe her a debt of gratitude. The notes and illustrations come from many sources, and bear evidence to the extensive research and the high critical powers of their author. We heartily recommend the work.

The Body and Mind. By G. Y. Hunter. (John Churchill & Son.)—This is an excellent, brief, handybook of health, well worthy a careful perusal. It is written simply, directly to the point, and evidently for practical purposes. We find an absence of that unreasoning dogmatism that marks and mars the character and usefulness of many of our sanatory treatises. The chapters that have most commended themselves to our attention are those bearing on "Excessive Mental Labour," "Sensational Reading," "Religious Excitement," and "Diet," from which much may be learned, of great importance in preserving the "mens sana in corpore sano."

The Church—its Origin, History, and Present Position. By Drs. Luthardt, Kahnis, and Bruehner. Translated by Sophia Taylor. (T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.)—This is a series of lectures delivered at Leipzig during the winter of 1865. The early lectures, and especially that on the "Age of the Prophets," seem the masterpieces of the work. We find here much earnestness, learning, and eloquence, and the translator has conveyed the sense of her authors in clear, simple, and graceful English. The German doctors have not in this treatise given to the English Reformation that position which it is fairly entitled to in the history of the Reformation. When does a German writer forget his "Faderland" to do full justice to the claims of other countries?

A Review of Mr. J. S. Mill's Essay "On Liberty," and an Investigation of his Claim to be Considered the Leading Philosopher and Thinker of the Age, &c., &c. By a Liberal. (London: Watson & Gardner.)—The author of this pamphlet, of which we have only given a part of its lengthy title, has not even the poor merit of being original in his abuse. We have before now seen Mr. Mill called "a third-rate man," and "a political Free-Lance," in our contemporary, the *Standard*. Nor is the matter very extraordinary. There are poetasters who do not think highly of Shakespeare, and militia officers who entertain a very poor opinion of the Duke of Wellington's military talents. Mr. Mill's writings doubtless are not free from errors, but after reading the "Liberal's" pamphlet, we come to the conclusion that we would rather be wrong with Mill than right with the "Liberal."

Sermons. By Gabriel, Bishop of Imereth. Translated from the Georgian, by Rev. S. C. Malan. (Saunders & Otley.)—These sermons were preached to the inhabitants of the Caucasus by their bishop, and are remarkable for their vigour and perspicuity. Earnest, affectionate, and eminently practical in their tone, they cannot fail to be impressive and interesting.

We have also to acknowledge No. 1 of *Adam Bede*; the first number of a cheap reissue, in monthly sixpenny parts, of the novels and tales of George Eliot (W. Blackwood & Sons). "Each will contain a highly finished engraving. The number before us is beautifully printed on excellent paper. *Faith's Work Perfected, or Francke's Orphan Home at Halle*, by A. H. Francke, edited and translated by Wm. L. Gage (Sampson Low & Co.);—*Inaugural Address*, delivered to the University of St. Andrews by John Stuart Mill, people's edition (Longmans);—*Excelsior Reading Books*, No. 4 (Murby);—Nos. 44—46 of *Photographic Portraits of Men of Eminence* (Bennett), edited by Edward Walford, M.A., containing portraits of W. J. Thoms, G. Scharf, J. A. St. John, Wm. Smith, Lyon Playfair, Robert Patterson, Dr. J. W. Colenso, J. W. Bazalgette, and Sir J. Emerson-Tennant;—No. 5 of *Part Music*, edited by John Hullah (Longmans), containing a chorus by Gluck, two glees by W. Horsley and Dr. B. Cooke, two part-songs by John Bennett and Thomas Ford, and a madrigal by Antonio Lotti;—*The Penny Guide to Paris*, and *Popular South-Eastern Railway Guide*;—*Romanizing Tendency of Ultra-Ritualism*, by the Rev. W. H. Girdlestone, M.A. (Rivingtons);—*The Confederation of the British North American Provinces*, by the Earl of Carnarvon (Murray);—*The York Congress and Church-rates* (Mozley);—*Reasons for the Enfranchisement of Woman* (Social Science Association);—*Objections to the Enfranchisement of Woman Considered*;—*French Universal Exhibition*;—*Design for an Exhibition Building*, reprinted from the *Builder*;—*The Work of Him that Sent Me*, a sermon by Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury (Rivingtons);—*Sunday Evenings for the People*, the discourses by John Crawford, Esq., J. Baxter Langley, Esq., and Sir John Bowring (Trübner);—and *Diocesan Synods*, by Connop Thirlwall, D.D., Bishop of St. David's (Rivingtons).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RETURNING to the Swift hoax, the *Pall Mall Gazette* endeavours to make it appear that we put absolute faith in the fictitious fragment it printed as a genuine production of the Dean. This is simply false, as the *Pall Mall* writer must be perfectly well aware. We merely said that the passage was in the manner of Swift (which we suppose was what the concoctor intended)—that it was marked by the characteristics of his style; but we advised caution in the reception of what might, after all, be only a clever imitation, as it is now admitted to be. Nor is it true to say that we alone regarded the alleged discovery with any seriousness; for some of our contemporaries were much more misled. The *Pall Mall Gazette* seeks to laugh off its attempt to impose a literary fraud upon the public by designating the article "a squib." It is idle, however, to call that a squib which had not the smallest characteristic of the species of literature so described. No one can read the introductory and concluding remarks by which the sham fragment was accompanied without being persuaded that the *Pall Mall Gazette* was either itself deceived, or desirous

of deceiving others. We will not think so meanly of it as to suppose it capable of making "a squib" that is utterly devoid of sparkle. If it be really so, it should abandon the manufacture of fireworks, as a department of art for which it has no capacity.

M. Garcoin de Tassy, of the Paris Institute, in a recent lecture on Hindostane Literature, gave some details as to the progress of literature in British India. From a summary of his lecture published in the New York *Round Table*, it appears that the number of periodicals has largely increased of late, twenty-six new ones having been added during the past year. In the North-Western Provinces there are now eighteen, and the one having the most subscribers distributed 5,370 copies. Some of these journals have peculiarly Oriental titles; as, "The Flame of Mount Sinai," "The Confluence of the Two Seas," "The Water of Life of India," "The Star of News," "The Sun of the World," "The True Aurora," "The Garden of News," "The Light of the Moon," "The Ambrosia of India," "The Ocean of Wisdom" (a medical journal), &c. A literary journal, published at Lucknow for seven years past, is the largest in India, being a weekly of 48 pp. 4to. The *Koh-i-noor* of Lahore is, however, in a literary point of view, the most important of the Indian journals, containing full notices of the new works in Hindostane, Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit. In one number there were announcements of no less than 167 works. It appears also that there is at Lahore a monthly scientific periodical, the *Journal for the Diffusion of Science*, published both in Oordoo and Hindu, which gives the latest intelligence upon science, the arts, and geography, frequently illustrated by drawings. Some of these journals speak their own praises in Oriental hyperbole. Thus, the *Sun of Rajasthan* says of itself:—"This newspaper, which presents a picture of the actual state of the times, gives the means of admiring the goodness of the Creator with the eye of meditation." The *News of the Two Globes* (celestial and terrestrial) describes itself as "an ocean of eloquence," and modestly adds that "its spiritual sallies reach to the skies; it is as the star in the firmament; it prides itself on its exactitude; yes, it is a very good journal; its style is in truth very pure; it is unique in clearness of expression; all who have ever seen this journal exclaim, 'Bravo!' 'Welcome!' its fame is already such that it will be the most celebrated periodical in the world." Another literary journal, published every ten days, the *True Aurora*, of Madras, discourses in the following terms of its rare merits:—"All here is arranged by eloquence; hence our journal is universally appreciated." "These pages, filled with eloquent lines, are altogether comparable to diamonds; each one of these lines is like a chaplet of pearls." "We trust in God that it will be entirely successful, and will be like the sun which illuminates the whole earth." The number of new works published in the North-Western Provinces in 1865 was 349, in 268,500 copies, besides the publications issued by order of the director of public instruction. The larger part of these works consists of translations or reissues of older works. The first volume of a translation of Shakespeare has appeared at Bombay. The works in the Oordoo dialect are more numerous than those in the Hindu. Rollin's "Ancient History" has appeared in three parts.

The *Liberté* relates, with reference to the present embarrassments of M. de Lamartine, that the subscribers to his "Cours de Littérature" and "Mémoirs" addressed to him "several thousand letters, containing orders of from twenty to forty francs each;" that these letters were kept in baskets, and that during the poet's absence from home they caught fire, and were destroyed, orders and all. This, we suppose, is intended as an excuse for M. de Lamartine's existing financial condition.

The Ulster poetaster has written letters to several of the London papers which commented on his pension, and on the recent discussion in Parliament with respect to the same, urging that he has been judged by his earlier instead of his more mature productions, and alleging that for several years he has ceased to write anything offensive to the Roman Catholics, and has enjoyed the friendship and esteem of distinguished Papists. One of his letters, of an autobiographical character, commences with the odd sentence:—"From causes too tedious to narrate, I was born in the year 1799."

The "Public School Primer" (says the *Guardian*) has at length been introduced into all the nine schools named in her Majesty's Commission of Inquiry—viz., Winchester, Eton, Harrow, Westminster, Charter-house, Rugby, Merchant Taylors', Shrewsbury, and St. Paul's. Dr. Kennedy, who is understood to be the responsible author of the "Primer," is busy on a very simple companion book to it, entitled "Subsidia Primaria," and intended as introductory to the "Primer."

Death has recently removed from amongst us, in his seventy-third year, Mr. Benjamin B. Wiffen, of the Society of Friends, who rendered some service to letters and to religious history by publishing and editing the works of several of the early Spanish Reformers. He also wrote a life of Valdes, and was the author of some fugitive poetry. He was the brother of the translator of Tasso and Garcilasso de la Vega, and the brother-in-law of the late Mr. Alaric A. Watts. His death took place at Mount Pleasant, near Woburn, Bedfordshire.

Mr. Alexander Melville Bell—the inventor of what he calls "Visible Speech"—writes to a contemporary:—"I shall be glad if you will allow me to inform your readers that, as none of the State Departments has been able to take 'official cognizance' of the proposition which I made for a free promulgation of 'Visible Speech,' I have determined to furnish the scientific world with the requisite opportunities for a full investigation of the invention, by publishing an Inaugural Edition as an ordinary copyright. Arrangements may be made hereafter for a popular introduction of the New System of Letters."

A new sixpenny Magazine is in preparation for the 1st of May, under the title of *The London*.

Messrs. John Brown, jun., and Frederick Douglass are preparing a biography of "old John Brown," the hero of the Harper's Ferry raid in Virginia in December, 1859, undertaken with a view to rousing the slaves.

A museum of such articles as tend to illustrate the Bible is being formed by the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee, and will be included in the South Kensington buildings.

"An Italian 'Bibliografia,'" says the Bookseller, "has until now been almost an impossibility, in consequence of the divided state of the nation; but now that the kingdom of Italy has been formed, a 'Bibliografia d' Italia' has made its appearance, under the direction of Mr. Leescher, of Florence and Turin, with an agency at Venice. Each number contains a list of publications for the month. There is also to be an Annual Catalogue, arranged both alphabetically and under subjects."

Two new journals are announced in Italy—*La Verità*, a daily paper to be published at Bologna; and *Il Veneto Cattolico*, a Venetian paper.

Professor Madvig, of Copenhagen, is engaged on an edition of Cicero's "De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum," which will appear this year.

Count Girolamo Antonio Dandolo, director of the Venetian Archives, died recently at Venice. He belonged to the celebrated historic family.

Edward Mueller, of Cothen, has completed his "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language."

"Mémoires du Peuple Français" is the name of an important work undertaken by M. Augustin Challamel, the third volume of which has now appeared, and which is to extend to eight. It is a sort of series of *tableaux* in which one may see the development and successive transformations of French society from the times of barbarism to the present day.

Under the modest title of "Croqués Egyptiens," a writer of taste and learning, M. Guimet, has just published a very sensible and witty book on modern Egypt at the house of HETZEL & CO.

A new edition of M. Taine's "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," the first issue of which was sold so rapidly, is announced.

The author of "L'Homme au Bracelet d'Or" and the "Buveur de Cendres," M. Maxime du Camp, has just published, at the house of LÉVY FRÈRES, a new work, entitled "Les Forces Perdues."

The first edition of the book called "L'Armée Française en 1867" has been sold in one day.

We may also draw attention to the following two important works which have lately appeared in Paris:—"De l'Influence des Climats sur l'Homme et des Agents Physiques sur le Moral," by Dr. Froissac; and "Histoire de la Vie Militaire, Politique, et Administrative du Maréchal Davout, Duc d'Auerstaedt, Prince d'Eckmühl (d'après les documents officiels)," by L.-J. Gabriel de Chenier, Avocat Consultant du Ministère de la Guerre.

Dr. Hearne, Professor of History and Political Economy in the University of Melbourne, has in the press a volume on "The Government of England: its Structure and its Development." It will be published by Mr. G. ROBERTSON.

Mr. Basil M. Pickering, son of the late publisher, announces a volume of "Notes Critical and Bibliographical on the Works of Alfred Tennyson," containing an account of his early and suppressed poems, and of the alterations made in his different editions; a comparison of "In Memoriam" and the Sonnets of Shakespeare; an account of the early criticisms on Tennyson by A. H. Hallam, Sterling, Professor Wilson, Professor Maurice, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and John Stuart Mill; with a bibliographical list of his works from 1827 downwards.

Mr. TEGG is about to issue, in crown 8vo., a new edition of the works of "Church" Fuller. This will be a boon to lovers of old divinity, who find it rather difficult to get copies of Fuller's books, which have long been out of print.

The copyrights of Dr. Beard's educational works, "S If-Culture," "Primer," and "Letter-Writer," have been purchased by Messrs. ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, Manchester, by whom they will in future be published.

Messrs. FULLARTON & CO. have in the press an extended Memoir of the late James Ferguson, the self-taught philosopher and astronomer, by E. Henderson, LL.D.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & CO. have nearly ready, with portrait, 2 vols., "The Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket," with an introductory preface by Lord Brougham, edited by the Hon. David Plunket; "Turkey and the Crimean War," by Rear-Admiral Sir Adolphus Slade, K.C.B.; and "Mr. Wynyard's Ward," by Holme Lee, author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," &c.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & CO. will publish immediately, "Questions for a Reformed Parliament," by various writers. They have also nearly ready, "On the Ancien Régime," as it existed on the Continent before the French Revolution, three lectures, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley; a new and cheaper edition of "Recent British Philosophy," a review, with criticisms, by David Masson; and "A Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarewitch," by Edward Dicey, with photographic portraits.

Mr. ALEXANDER STRAHAN will publish this month—"The Year of Praise," being hymns, with tunes, for the Sundays and holydays of the year, edited by Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury; "Scripture Portraits," and other miscellanies from the writings of A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster; "Dealings with the Fairies," by George MacDonald, with 12 illustrations; "A Book of Stories," by Anthony Trollope; "Voices of the Prophets on Faith, Prayer, and Human Life," by C. D. Vaughan, Vicar of Doncaster; and other works already announced.

Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL have nearly ready—"Ireland and her Churches," by James Godkin, 1 vol.; "Religious Life in England," by Alphonse Esquiros; a new edition of the Poetical Works of Owen Meredith, in 3 vols.; &c.

Mr. NIMMO has nearly ready, "Marjorie Dudingstoun, a Tale of Old St. Andrews," by William Francis Collier, LL.D., author of "Pictures of the Period," &c.

Messrs. MOXON intend to publish, as their next Christmas volume, Tennyson's Idylls, "Vivien" and "Guinevere," illustrated by eighteen drawings by Gustave Doré.

"Night," a poem by George Gilfillan, M.A., is announced by Messrs. JACKSON, WALFORD, & HODDER, as in the press. The same firm also announce a new book for young men, entitled "The Young Man Setting out in Life," by the Rev. W. Guest, of Claremont Chapel.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Ada Moore's Story. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Anderson (J. C.), Antiquities of Croydon Church. Royal 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Brooke (R.), The Office and Practice of a Notary in England. 3rd edit. 8vo., 21s.
 Brown (J. Baldwin), Idolatries, Old and New. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Catechist's Manual (The). With Introduction by the Bishop of Oxford. New
 edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
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 Delmar (E.), Key to Exercises in his Spanish Grammar. New edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Dicey (E.), A Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarevitch. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Dufferin (Lord), Letters from High Latitudes. 6th edit. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Ellis (R.), Inquiry into the Ancient Routes between Italy and Gaul. 8vo., 6s.
 Esquires (A.), Religious Life in England. Cr. 8vo., 9s.
 Fine Arts Quarterly Review (The). New series. Vol. I. Royal 8vo., 15s.
 Glover (O.), Doctrine of the Person of Christ. Cr. 8vo., 3s.
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 Hurst (J. F.), History of Rationalism. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Jeffcock (Parkin), Memoir of. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
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 4s. 6d.
 Meredith (Owen), Poetical Works. New edit. Vol. II. Fcap., 6s.
 Mill (J. S.), Inaugural Address at St. Andrews. People's Edition. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 Pagan (S.), The Principles of Religion. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Paris Universal Exhibition Catalogue, English Version. 8vo., 5s.
 — Catalogue of the British Section. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Plato's Sophistes and Politicus, with Note, by Rev. L. Campbell. 8vo., 18s.
 Pope (A.), Poetical Works, with Life, by J. Lupton. 18mo., 2s.
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